

FLORILEGIUM LATINUM

The Bodley Head Anthologies

EDITED BY R. H. CASE

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TRANSLATIONS INTO LATIN VERSE

PRE-VICTORIAN POETS

Edited by

Francis St John Thackeray, M.A., F.S.A.

and

Edward Daniel Stone, M.A.

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JOHN LANE The Bodley Head

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PREFACE

An elaborate defence of the practice of Translation from English Poetry into Latin Verse will hardly be expected from the Editors of such a collection as is here offered: they need not discuss the question which forms the title of Mr Lyttelton's late volume, "Are we to go on with Latin Verses?" The number of recent similar publications, and even of the contributors to the present selection, is an indication that the culture of this branch of classical study is not yet defunct. But though a busy age is prone to study matter rather than form, there is yet room for a pursuit that may help to correct such a tendency, by aiming at perfection of graceful expression and correctness of style.

The distinctive features of this anthology are (1) that the Translations are confined to Latin; (2) that the arrangement of the English passages in Four Parts is generally, though not rigidly, chronological. It is hoped that, in order to complete this object, another

volume will be issued before long, in which the Victorian Poets, including living Authors, will be adequately represented. The Editors have studied distinction of style in the passages selected, as well as variety of metre in their rendering. To the best of their belief, very few of the pieces chosen have appeared in previous volumes of Translations. Their heartiest thanks are due to all who, whether at Cambridge or Oxford, at the Public Schools, or in the Sister Isle, have so readily responded to their appeal, and contributed to the accomplishment of a task which, in the interest of all lovers of Latin Versification, they have ventured to undertake.

F. St. J. T.

April 1899.

Quaeris an expediat divi simulacra Maronis
fingere, vel Musae, Flacce iocose, tuae.
expediatne, parum curo, nec, si mihi credis,
contingit cuivis scire quid expediat.
hoc scio, iucundus labor est; quod restat, amici,
vos operi nostro velle vacare sat est.

nec placuit nobis vastum dare vela per aequor :
exprimit auctores prisca Camena novos.
quale pavimentum multo molimine finxit,
tessera tesserulis qua micat arta, faber.
ars angusta quidem nostra est, ne sperne malignis
laudibus : haud parvum est optima velle sequi ;
velle sequi, quamvis longe, vestigia vatum,
quos artes docuit Graecia victa suas :
quorum erat horrentes lucos, rorantia prata,
et dignos speculum Pallados esse lacus,
sanctumque explorare nemus, si forte beati
secretae biberent Naidos aure modos,
sive labro teretem premeret Tegeaeus avenam,
seu foret Orphea percita silva lyra.
ergo vana fides ? nec iam Dryas incola quercus
nota ?—Mimallonidum conticuere chori ?
an rupes aret Parnassia ? friget Olympus ?
nonne Aganippeis fontibus unda salit ?
mortua Calliope sacra cum stirpe sororum ?
et circum Aonidum busta queruntur aves ?
has tamen, o socii, nos in dumeta sequamur ;
et pudeat tritas ire redire vias—
semita sit musco circumlita : luceat aether,
post imbres vegetus frondibus halet odor.
est furor ; at quem non iuvat insanire ? vagemur
sic temere, aut cursum praecipiatis, aves.
quis scit an una suum fontem prope Nympha moretur,
quis scit an extremum Panos avena sonet ?

E. D. S.

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ERRATA

Page xv, *for* " Rousé " read " Rouse."

,, 68 [lii], line 5, *for* " moon " *read* " morn."

,, 69 [lii], for lines 5 and 6 substitute—

" surge age : namque effusa comas Aurora moratur,
dum sua luminibus compserit ora tuis."

,, 103, last line but two, comma *for* full stop.

,, 115, line 20, full stop after "sopor."

,, 121, line 4, *for* "fortium" *read* "fontium."

,, 123, line 24, *for* " Autumnus " *read* " autumnus."

,, 163 [cxxxiv], line 2, *for* "iuque" *read* "inque."

FLORILEGIUM LATINUM

PART I

I

SPEECH OF AGAMEMNON IN HADES

O lord Achilleus, like the gods on high,
Hail, son of Peleus, above heroes blest,
Who far from Argos didst in Troia die,
With all the flower about thee falling nigh
Of Ilion and Achaia, friend and foe;
While, careless of thine old car-mastery,
Thou, where the dust whirled eddying to and fro,
A great man, large in death, wast mightily lying low!

All day we battled, nor at all through night
Had rested, but that Zeus a hurricane sent.
So to the ships we bare thee from the fight,
Laid on a couch thy limbs magnificent,
Cleansed with warm water and with oil, and bent
In warm tears over thee, and shore our hair.
From the sea-chambers with her sea-nymphs went
Thy mother, for the news came even there;
Moved o'er the deep loud stirrings of an ominous air.

Then on the host a trembling fear laid hold,
And they had rushed in tumult to the fleet,
But one man, versed in many things and old,
Nestor, whose mind was ever the most discreet,
Thus with good heart restrained their hurrying feet:
"Stay, sons of Argos, and hold back from flight!
'Tis but the mother from her ocean-seat,
Who with her fair nymphs cometh up to-night,
Her dear son to behold, who hath been slain in fight."

He spake, and the Achaians ceased from dread.
And all the daughters of the old sea-king
Stood round thee, and with tears bewailed their dead,
And round thy form immortal robes did fling.
There the nine Muses a sweet dirge did sing,
Responsive each to other, and their cry
Came on the army, both to serf and king;
Nor could thy soul have seen a tearless eye,
Sang with such power the Muse, and poured her voice on high.

P. S. Worsley.

(From Odyssey xxiv. 36.)

PART I

I

AGAMEMNON APUD INFEROS ACHILLEM ALLOQUITUR

Progenies salve mihi Peleos, acer Achilles,
par superis, quo non heros felicior alter,
cui procul ex Argis Troiae sub moenibus altis
contigit oppetere ;—at circum flos omnis Achivum
Troumque, immixtisque hostes sternuntur amicis ;—
tu tamen oblitus currus artisque magistrae,
qua levis intorto glomeratur vertice pulvis,
ingens ingentique eversus mole iacebas.
nec finem pugnae saturis nox ipsa tulisset,
ni Iove demissus turbo foret—inde peremptum
ad naves tulimus, compostaque membra feretro
rite lavamus aqua, dein ungimus, et tibi fletus
reddimus amplexi et scissis de more capillis.
interea thalamo est genetrix egressa marino,
Nereidum comitante manu, quam nuntia dira
attigerant—dubio horrescit sub flamine pontus,
invaditque repens turmas pavor—ilicet omnes
quisque suam repetunt navem,—sed doctior unus
ante alios Nestor, cui mens exercita curis,
inceptum modo sistit iter—"quin parcite, nati
Argivum, properare fugam, nam gurgite ab imo
mater agit nymphas secum, et venit obvia nato
dilecto, ut cernat crudeli Marte subactum."
dixerat, et Graecis metus excidit—undique circum
Nereides coeunt, vitreo gens rege creata,
lamentis miserata necem, vestesque iacenti
ambrosias addunt—resonat pia naenia—Musae,
turba novena, cient gemitum, alternisque querellis
respondent—vox illa movet servosque trucesque
regum animos—nulli lacrimis non ora madebant
Graiugenum—tam praesenti tibi numine Musa
in tua compositum libavit funera carmen.

A. C. A.

II

BACCHYLIDES

Fragments lately discovered, ed. F. G. Kenyon, 1897

ii. 85. Φρονέοντι συνετὰ γαρύω· βαθὺς μὲν
αἰθὴρ ἀμίαντος· ὕδωρ δὲ πόντου
οὐ σάπεται· εὐφροσύνα δ' ὁ χρυσός·
ἀνδρὶ δ' οὐ θέμις πολιὸν παρέντα
γῆρας θάλειαν αὖτις ἀγκομίσσαι
ἥβαν· ἀρετᾶς γε μὲν οὐ μινύθει
βροτῶν ἅμα σώματι φέγγος· ἀλλὰ
Μοῦσά νιν τρέφει. Ἱέρων, σὺ δ' ὄλβου
κάλλιστ' ἐπεδείξαο θνατοῖς
ἄνθεα· πράξαντι δ' εὖ
οὐ φέρει κόσμον σιω-
πά· σὺν δ' ἀλαθείᾳ καλῶν
καὶ μελιγλώσσου τις ὑμνήσει χάριν
Κηΐας ἀηδόνος.—

v. 17. Βαθὺν
δ' αἰθέρα ξουθαῖσι τάμνων
ὑψοῦ πτερύγεσσι ταχεί-
αις αἰετός, εὐρυάνακτος ἄγγελος
Ζηνὸς ἐρισφαράγου,
θαρσεῖ κρατερᾷ πίσυνος
ἰσχύϊ—πτάσσοντι δ' ὄρνι-
χες λιγύφθογγοι φόβῳ·
οὔ νιν κορυφαὶ μεγάλας ἴσχουσι γαίας,
οὐδ' ἁλὸς ἀκαμάτας
δυσπαίπαλα κύματα· νωμᾶ-
ται δ' ἐν ἀτρύτῳ Χάει,
λεπτότριχα σὺν Ζεφύρου πνο-
αῖσιν ἔθειραν ἀρίγνω-
τος μετ' ἀνθρώποις ἰδεῖν·

II

Spectata doctis eloquor: aethera
scimus profundo non violabilem
  campo; stat incorrupta salsi
    unda maris; nitor ardet auri
intaminatus: canitiem semel
si cui senectus fuderit in caput
  provecta, non illi iuventae
    fas hilarem revocare lucem.
virtutis at lux vivida corporis
tabi superstes non minor eminet
  nutrita Musis. quam profusa
    rex Hiero generose gaza
tu floruisti! non bene qui facit
bene et tacetur. iure simul suo
  nomenque mellitaeque linguae
    Cea feret Philomela laudem.

Fulva profundum qui secat aethera
sublimis ala et nuntius impiger
  tonantis it caelo tyranni,
    vi valida bene fretus audet,
dum grex acuta voce querens pavet
subter volucrum. hunc non iuga montium
  obiecta vastorum, neque undae
    difficiles maris inquieti
clausere. liber per Chaos invium
plumae comantis remigium movet
  subtile, conspectusque longe
    cum Zephyri spatiatur auris.

xvii. 101. Ἔμολέν τε θεῶν
μέγαρον· τόθι κλυτὰς ἰδὼν
ἔδεισεν Νηρῆος ὀλ-
βίου κόρας—ἀπὸ γὰρ ἀγλα-
ῶν λάμπε γυίων σέλας
ὥστε πυρός, ἀμφὶ χαίταις
δὲ χρυσεόπλοκοι
δινεῦντο ταινίαι· χορῷ δὲ τέρ-
πον κέαρ ὑγροῖσι ποσσίν.

III

IPHIGENIA (I)

Ἔτλα δ' οὖν θυτὴρ γενέσθαι θυγατρός,
γυναικοποίνων πολέμων ἀρωγὰν,
καὶ προτέλεια ναῶν.
λιτὰς δὲ καὶ κληδόνας πατρῴους
παρ' οὐδὲν αἰῶνα παρθένειόν τ'
ἔθεντο φιλόμαχοι βραβῆς.
φράσεν δ' ἀόζοις πατὴρ μετ' εὐχὰν
δίκαν χιμαίρας ὕπερθε βωμοῦ
πέπλοισι περιπετῆ παντὶ θυμῷ
προνωπῆ λαβεῖν ἀέρδην, στόματός
τε καλλιπρῴρου φυλακὰν κατασχεῖν
φθόγγον ἀραῖον οἴκοις
βίᾳ χαλίνων τ' ἀναύδῳ μένει.
κρόκου βαφὰς δ' ἐς πέδον χέουσα,
ἔβαλλ' ἕκαστον θυτήρων
ἀπ' ὄμματος βέλει φιλοίκτῳ,
πρέπουσά θ' ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς, προσεννέπειν
θέλουσ'· ἐπεὶ πολλάκις
πατρὸς κατ' ἀνδρῶνας εὐτραπέζους
ἔμελψεν, ἁγνᾷ δ' ἀταύρωτος αὐδᾷ πατρὸς
φίλου τριτόσπονδον εὔποτμον
παιῶνα φίλως ἐτίμα.

Æschylus, Agamemnon 224.

Divom subter aquas vectus in atrium
Theseus progeniem Nereos inclitam
spectans obstupuit: quis procul igneus
membrorum emicuit nitor,
vittaeque implicitis crinibus aureae
circum pulchra fluunt tempora, dum leves
oblectant animos et pedibus citae
nectunt mobilibus choros.

W. C. G.

III

EXITUS UT CLASSI FELIX FAUSTUSQUE DARETUR

Ergo immerentem sustinuit pater
mactare natam, classibus ut via
felix, et ultori daretur
materies animusque Marti.
nec profuerunt tam miserae preces;
nec vox, parentem nomine patrio
donare princeps; nec iuventae
gratia, virgineumque robur.
sed, apprecatus rite Deos, pater
mandat ministris, cum super impium
altare circumfusa vestes
prociderit velut agna virgo,
raptim expeditis tollere bracchiis,
et, ne suprema quid voveat mali
lingua, lupatorum silenti
aere gravem cohibere vocem.
illa inquinatam fudit humi croco
pallam, et ministris iniciens simul
ictus ocellorum, videtur
velle loqui miseranda, tanquam
picta in tabellis:—saepe etenim patris
aula frequenti dulce dabat melos:
Bacchoque ter pleno beatum
virgineo celebrabat ore.

E. B.

IV

IPHIGENIA (II)

Ἴδεσθε τὰν Ἰλίου
καὶ Φρυγῶν ἑλέπτολιν
στείχουσαν, ἐπὶ κάρα στέφη βαλομέναν
χερνίβων τε παγαῖς,
βωμὸν αἵμονος θεᾶς
ῥανίσιν αἱματορρύτοις ῥανοῦσαν
εὐφυῆ γε σώματος δέρην σφαγεῖσαν.
εὔδροσοι παγαὶ πατρῷαι
μένουσί σε χέρνιβές τε
στρατός τ' Ἀχαιῶν θέλων
Ἰλίου πόλιν μολεῖν.
ἀλλὰ τὰν Διὸς κόραν
κλήσωμεν Ἄρτεμιν, θεῶν ἄνασσαν,
ὡς ἐπ' εὐτυχεῖ πότμῳ.
ὦ πότνα, θύμασι
βροτησίοις χαρεῖσα, πέμψον εἰς Φρυγῶν
γαῖαν Ἑλλάνων στρατὸν
καὶ δολόεντα Τροίας ἕδη.
Ἀγαμέμνονά τε λόγχαις
Ἕλλασι κλεινότατον στέφανον
δὸς ἀμφὶ κρᾶθ' ἑὸν
κλέος ἀείμνηστον ἀμφιθεῖναι.

Euripides, Iphigenia Aulidensis, v. 1510.

IV

TANTUM RELIGIO POTUIT SUADERE MALORUM

En quae labantes Troiugenum domos
evertet altis sedibus, infula
  succincta, lustralique crines
    virgineos madefacta lympha
incedit. eheu sorte inamabili
effusus aras inficiet cruor
  cultroque cervicem decoram
    sanguineo feriet sacerdos.
infausta virgo! te patria manent
conspersa dextra flumina, te liquor
  fatalis, Argivumque proles
    Iliacam properans in arcem.
cur fata maesta flevimus alite?
regina caeli Cynthia te Iovis
  stirpem verendam, te precamur
    auspiciis faveas secundis,
Graiasque caesa lenior hostia
ducas cohortes: inde Agamemnonis
  cingent triumphantes catervas
    perpetua tua dona lauru.

B. D.

V

HYMN OF THE FURIES

Let winds that gender blight exhale
Their noisome breath in distant skies;
Let drought and withering mildew fail
To blast the flow'ret's opening eyes:
Contagious Fogs, I warn you hence:
Aroint thee, barren Pestilence!
May ripening grain enrich the field,
And fleecy flocks twin offspring yield;
And may the people, o'er whose land
These gifts are poured with lavish hand,
Offer the first-fruits of the Earth,
And praise the Gods that gave them birth.
Untimely death and sudden hurt
From Athens' sons, kind Heaven, avert;
Nor let her daughters vainly pray
For blessings on their marriage day;
And you, my Sisters, that uphold
The laws, impartial as of old,
Ye Fates, be where you list severe;
But, save in kindness, come not here.
Let Civil War, black nurse of Crime,
Be hushed within this happy clime.
Let not the storms of Faction roar,
Nor slake the dust with kindred gore.
May those who cherish Peace aright,
In hatred, as in love, unite:
And all the ills, that plague mankind,
Shall pass them as the harmless wind.

Æschylus. Eumenides 938.
(Bernard Drake's Translation.)

V

δενδροπήμων δὲ μὴ πνέοι βλάβα—

Quaecunque pestem flamina procreant
spargant remotis finibus halitus,
nil taetra robigo neque aestus
in teneros valeant alumnos
nascentis anni : vos nebulae procul
volate tristes, vos quoque lurida
contagia et fetis nocentes
germinibus procul este morbi.
diti coruscent iugera tritico ;
lana gravatae bis pariant oves ;
gens illa, cui rerum benigna
dona manu cumulavit auctor,
telluris ultro primitias ferant
tollantque dignis numina laudibus,
neu mortis improvisa prolem
Cecropiam feriat sagitta,
neu nuptiali Cecropides die
nil profuturas dent Superis preces :—
vosque, o sorores, quis tueri
debita fas, velut ante, iura,
saevite, Parcae, quaslibet in plagas ;
hinc, plena donis ni fuerit, manum
auferte, neu turbet beatos
livida seditio penates,
nutrix malorum, neu fremat horrida
vis partium audax flumine pulverem
sedare fraterni cruoris :
quos pietas tamen alma iunxit,
hostes eosdem non minus oderint,
paci faventes ; ut Zephyrus levis,
quaecunque mortales lacessunt,
praetereant sine fraude damna.

E. D. S.

VI

LAVACRUM PALLADIS

Damsels of the yellow hair
Who the sacred bath prepare,
This the day and this the hour,
Pallas comes, begirt with power;
Comes to bathe in Argive waters:—
Rouse ye, rouse ye, Argive daughters!
Hark! I hear the south-wind humming
With the mystery of her coming!

But the goddess, ere she strips
Her limbs, her war-stained chariot dips,
Purging away its clotted crust
Of blood-bespattered battle-dust:
And washes in the running tides
The sweat from off her coursers' sides
And the flakes of foam that flit
As they churn the golden bit.

Haply she comes from giant slaughters;
Rouse ye, rouse ye, Argive daughters!
I hear her piping axle-trees;
And ye, attendant Votaries,
No costly ointments bring with you;
Such are not to Pallas due;
She loves the manly oil alone
Pressed from the tree she calls her own:
And bring no mirrors, echoing light,
Her features of themselves are bright:
She never parts with Paphian air
Once and again her flowing hair;
But with her own athletic beauty glows,
Like the pomegranate flower or crimson rose.

H. Kynaston,
from Callimachus.

VI

ὦ ξανθαὶ σοῦσθε Πελασγιάδες

Vos, o puellae crinibus aureis,
quis est lavacri cura, dies adest
    et tempus ipsum, nam vigore
        freta suo venit ecce Pallas

Argiva quaerens balnea;—surgite,
Argiva proles! nescio quid Notus
    surgens inauditum susurrat
        auribus, adveniente diva.

at se priusquam vestibus exuat,
immergit undis caede rubentibus
    currus, et immixtas cruore
        pulvereo lavit inde sordes,

armisque purgat flumine lucido
sudorem equinis, purgat anhelitus
    spumam volantem, si corusca
        frena ferox sonipes remordet.

fors et gigantum strage recens venit
(Argiva proles, surgite!) nam strepunt
    axes euntis;—sed, ministrae,
        Malobathrum Syriosque odores

afferre divae parcite—nam suae
succos viriles postulat arboris;
    vultusque divinum nitentes
        non opus est speculis referre;

non illa fusos, ut Venus, explicat
bis terque crines—splendida mascula
    spectanda forma;—sic rubescit
        vel rosa Puniceumve malum.

A. C. A.

VII

HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

Κηρύσσω τὸν Ἔρωτα, τὸν ἄγριον· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄρτι
ὀρθρινὸς ἐκ κοίτας ᾤχετ' ἀποπτάμενος·
ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς γλυκύδακρυς, ἀείλαλος, ὠκὺς, ἀθαμβὴς,
σιμὰ γελῶν, πτερόεις νῶτα, φαρετροφόρος·
πατρὸς δ' οὐκέτ ἔχω φράζειν τίνος· οὔτε γὰρ αἰθὴρ,
οὐ χθών φησι τεκεῖν τὸν θρασὺν, οὐ πέλαγος·
πάντῃ γὰρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἀπέχθεται. ἀλλ' ἐσορᾶτε
μή που νῦν ψυχαῖς ἄλλα τίθησι λίνα·
καίτοι κεῖνος, ἰδοὺ, περὶ φωλεόν. οὔ με λέληθας,
τοξότα, Ζηνοφίλας ὄμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

Meleager.

VIII

CONSTANCY OF LOVE

Εἰ καὶ τηλοτέρω Μερόης τεὸν ἴχνος ἐρείσεις,
πτηνὸς Ἔρως πτηνὸν κεῖσέ μ' οἷός τε φέρειν·
εἰ καὶ ἐς ἀντολίην πρὸς ὁμόχροον ἵξεαι Ἠῶ,
πεζὸς ἀμετρήτοις ἕψομαι ἐν σταδίοις.
εἰ δέ τι σοὶ στέλλω βύθιον γέρας, ἵλαθι, κούρη,
εἰς σὲ θαλασσαίη τοῦτο φέρει Παφίη,
κάλλεϊ νικηθεῖσα τεοῦ χροὸς ἱμερόεντος,
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀγλαΐῃ θάρσος ἀπωσαμένη.

Paul the Silentiary.

IX

ANTH. GRÆC. Pl. ix. 341

α. Νύμφαι, πευθομένῳ φράσατ' ἀτρεκὲς, εἰ παροδεύων
Δάφνις τὰς λευκὰς ὧδ' ἀνέπαυσ' ἐρίφους.
β. Ναὶ, ναὶ Πὰν συρικτὰ, καὶ εἰς αἴγειρον ἐκείναν
σοί τι κατὰ φλοιοῦ γράμμ' ἐκόλαψε λέγειν.
Πὰν, Πὰν, πρὸς Μαλέαν, πρὸς ὄρος Ψωφίδιον ἔρχευ,
ἵξοῦμαι. α. Νύμφαι χαίρετ', ἐγὼ δ' ὑπάγω.

Glaucus.

VII

IMPROBE AMOR!

Quaerimus erronem: modo se ferus ille relicto
prima luce toro sustulit ales Amor.
suave puer lacrimans, audax, celer, improba ridens,
garrulus, alatus terga, sagittipotens.
quis pater? hic sileo. tellus infanda moventem
respuit esse suum, respuit unda, polus.
omnibus est et ubique odio: vos deinde cavete
mentibus ille novas ne struat insidias.
iamque adeo ad latebras puer est: deprensus in istis
Zenophiles oculis, a! pharetrate, cubas.

S. H. B.

VIII

QUOCUNQUE PRAECEDIS

Si Meroes ultra tractus vestigia flectes,
illuc aligerum me vehet ales Amor.
si rosea Aurorae roseos praeverteris axes
te pedes immensa persequar usque via.
sin tibi submittent gemmam maris intima, virgo,
accipe quod munus fert Venus orta mari,
quae nequit ipsa suo, fastus exuta, colori
credere iam formae victa nitore tuae.

F. St. J. T.

IX

a. Dicite, candentis, Nymphae, recrearit an haedos
dum tenet hac, vere dicite, Daphnis iter.
b. quod petis, o solers calamis, recreavit, et alni
insculpsit quiddam cortice, Dive, tibi:
"Pan Malean nobis, Pan in Psophida venito,
meque mane." a. Nymphae, vivite, iam venio.

R. E.

X

ANTH. GRÆC. Pl. ix. 380

Εἰ κύκνῳ δύναται κόρυδος παραπλήσιον ᾄδειν,
  τολμῷεν δ' ἐρίσαι σκῶπες ἀηδονίσιν,
εἰ κόκκυξ τέττιγος ἐρεῖ λιγυρώτερος εἶναι,
  ἶσα ποιεῖν καὶ ἐγὼ Παλλαδίῳ δύναμαι.

Incertus.

XI

ANTH. GRÆC. Pl. xii. 142

Ἰξῷ Δεξιόνικος ὑπὸ χλωρῇ πλατανίστῳ
  κόσσυφον ἀγρεύσας εἷλε κατὰ πτερύγων·
χὠ μὲν ἀναστενάχων ἀπεκώκυεν ἱερὸς ὄρνις.
  ἀλλ' ἐγὼ, ὦ φίλ' Ἔρως, καὶ θαλεραὶ Χάριτες,
εἴην καὶ κίχλη καὶ κόσσυφος, ὡς ἂν ἐκείνου
  ἐν χερὶ καὶ φθογγὴν καὶ γλυκὺ δάκρυ βάλω.

Rhianus.

XII

Σφαίρῃ δηὖτέ με πορφυρέῃ
βάλλων χρυσοκόμης Ἔρως
νήνι ποικιλοσαμβάλῳ
συμπαίζειν προκαλεῖται·
ἡ δ', ἐστὶν γὰρ ἀπ' εὐκτίτου
Λέσβου, τὴν μὲν ἐμὴν κόμην,
λευκὴ γάρ, καταμέμφεται,
πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.

Anacreon, fr. 14.

X

Si cycnum cantu levis exaequabit alauda,
  Atthidos audebit noctua voce queri,
iactabit cuculus vocalior esse cicadis,
  non ego, Palladius qua canit arte, canam?

R. E.

XI

Sub viridi platano strictis venatus ab alis
  viscatam rapuit Dexionicus avem.
illa quidem merulae quidquid planguntve gemuntve
  fudit: at o veneres, o mihi mollis Amor,
huic similis turdove trahar, modo raptus ab illo
  sub tenera possim flere querive manu.

R. E.

XII

Auro flavus Amor comas
  in me coniciens purpuream pilam,
ludos nectere comparem
  iussit cum tenera virgine, sandalis
picta versicoloribus.
  at virgo patriis urbibus et sata
Lesbo nobilis e sua,
  me, quod canities turpis inest comis,
dedignatur, in alterum
  pro me nescio quem fertur hians virum.

R. E.

PART II

XIII

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his Masters are;
Whose Soul is still prepar'd for death;
Not tied unto the World by care
Of publick fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that Chance doth raise
Or Vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of State, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton.

XIV

AVRIL

Avril, l'honneur et des bois
et des mois:
Avril, la douce espérance
des fruicts qui, sous le coton
du bouton,
nourrissent leur jeune enfance;

PART II

XIII

BEATUS ILLE

Hunc facit ingenium, facit hunc doctrina beatum,
  addictus nulli qui famulatur ero:
qui meditans vera invictis se muniit armis,
  vera loquens pura simplicitate valet.

cui non imperitat servo malesana libido;
  qui vitam ad mortis fata paratus agit;
cui retinent animum nulla terrestria cura,
  fama levis populi, nobiliumve favor.

quem fors extulerit non invidet ille potenti;
  perplexas sceleris nescit inire vias;
nescit laudantis dare pessima vulnera linguam;
  ambitione carens scit probitate regi.

exsoluit sese rumoribus; editus arcem
  munitam recti conscius ipse tenet.
seu stet, adulantes non pascet paupere mensa,
  seu cadat, eversor nil trahet inde lucri.

mane Deum supplex vespertinusque precatur,
  virtutem ut largus det sibi, parcus opes:
at medium fallunt—nulli haec nocitura voluptas—
  et liber et comitum sobria dicta diem.

sic terit aetatem vinclis servilibus expers,
  nec spe summa sequens, nec tamen ima timet:
ipse sui melior dominus quam divitis agri,
  idem, cui nihil est, omnia solus habet.

W. C. G.

XIV

MENSIS VENERIS

Mensis gloria mensium,
Aprilis, nemorum pulcher honor venis,
  idem spes bona fructuum
quos nutrix teneros clausa calyx fovet.

Avril, l'honneur des prez verds,
jaunes, pers,
qui d'une humeur bigarrée,
émaillent de mille fleurs
de couleurs
leur parure diaprée ;
Avril, l'honneur des soupirs
des zéphyrs
qui, sous le vent de leur aele
dressent encor, ès forests,
des doux rets,
pour ravir Flora la belle ;
Avril, c'est ta douce main
qui, du sein
de la nature, desserre
une moisson de senteurs
et de fleurs,
embasmant l'air et la terre ;
Avril, l'honneur verdissant,
florissant
sur les tresses blondelettes
de ma dame, et de son sein
tousjours plein
de mille et mille fleurettes ;
Avril, la grace, et le ris
de Cypris,
le flair et la douce haleine ;
Avril, le parfum des dieux,
qui, des cieux,
sentent l'odeur de la plaine ;
c'est toy, courtois et gentil,
qui d'exil
retires ces passagères,
ces arondilles qui vont,
et qui sont
du printemps les messagères.

Remy Belleau.
(1528-1577.)

larga tu varias manu
pratorum faciem mille coloribus :
flavis, puniceis, nigris
tu ridens decoras omnia floribus.

Aprilis, zephyri leves
te spirant, volucri pandere qui solent
ala dulcia retia,
quae Floram impediant per medium nemus.

Aprilis generose, tu
naturae gremium solvis et exseris
flores ; fragrat odoribus
gratis aura ferax, terraque suave olet.

Aprilis, viride o decus,
flavam caesariem tu decoras meae
Florae, cui nitidum sinum
florum plena beat copia suavium.

in labris genitus deae
ridentis Veneris tu sapis halitum ;
arridetque recens odor
camporum Superis te redolentium.

tu tandem revocas domo
longinqua reduces blandus hirundines,
quarum vox bona nuntiat
"optata en facies veris adest novi."

J. B. B.

XV

LIFE

The world 's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span :—
In his conception wretched, from the womb,
So to the tomb ;—
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppress,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools :
The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men :
And where 's a city from foul vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease :
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil :
Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,
We are worse in peace ;—
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?

Bacon.

XVI

SIR ARTEGALL

Then up she rose and on herselfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day ;
And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay

XV

SIC VITA

More tumet bullae spatium breve transeuntis aevi,
Lucina primum nam parit misellos
quos Libitina inopes mox auferat; opprimunt ab ipsis
cunis timores educantque curae.
sors adeo infida fallit vice; certius quis undae
credat colores exaretve harenam.

hic tamen aerumnis dum plectimur, eligenda vitae
quae norma habetur? regiis in aulis
vana nimis species stultos alit, efferamque turbam
agri colonorum; oppidique nullos
invenies quos non infecerit incolas libido
ut regiis sit turpius vel agris.

quem secura domus pietas iuvat, aeger est habendus,
ultro laborem captat et pericla,
qui mare Myrtoum transit rate: Mars truci tumultu
quos terret, angit pax parum quietos.
quid superest?—natos primum piget esse, dein morantis
molesta non rupisse claustra vitae.

H. K.

XVI

ARTEGALLUS

Nec mora, surgit humo, foedasque miserrima vestes
induitur virgo, foedi monumenta diei.
inde dolens animi, et demisso nubila vultu
ducitur in medios, curisque ingentibus aegra,

For to receive the doome of her decay:
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head; soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and dew her daintie face,
'Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leavès gay;
Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There waiting for the tyrant till it was farre day.

Spenser.

XVII

THE RENEWING OF LOVE

In going to my lonely bed,
  As one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child,
  That long had moaned and wept.

She sighed sore and sang full sweet,
  To lull the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still
  Upon its mother's breast.

She was full weary of her watch,
  And grieved with her child;
She rocked it and rated it,
  Till that on her it smiled.

Then did she say, "Now have I found
  This proverb true to prove:
The falling out of faithful friends
  Renewing is of love."

R. Edwards (1560).

obvia venturae prodit, moritura, ruinae—
at simul instructum iuvenem fulgentibus armis
servantemque locum, atque audentem in proelia vidit,
tum vero priscae rediere in pectora vires,
oppressisque metu caluit nova vita medullis.
ac veluti cum flos campo nutritus aperto,
quem sitis aut nimii violentia solis adurit,
languescit moriens, parcos modo Iuppiter imbres
desuper effundat, vultumque irroret honestum,
attollit caput, et solita dulcedine laetus
expanditque comas foliisque ornatur opimis;
haud aliter risu solvunt sese ora puellae
ut iuvenem, exiguas dum sol facit altior umbras,
stare loco videt, atque hostem expectare sub armis.

W. B.

XVII

AMANTIUM IRAE

Gravis sopore vacua dum petens domum
revertor ad cubilia,
mulcere matrem infantis insolabiles
cantu querellas audio,
cantu remisto tristibus suspiriis
si fors sopore vinciat,
qui vagiebat usquequaque molliter
reclinis in molli sinu.
iamiam excubare taedet: erumpit dolor
et acris indignatio.
sursum deorsum iactat, incessit probris,
donec renidebat puer.
"tandem vetustum quid velit proverbium,"
exclamat arridens, "scio:—
amantium irae scilicet fidelium
amoris integratio 'st."

E. D. S.

XVIII

FROM 'THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID'

3 Grace He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

1 Grace Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

2 Grace Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

3 Grace Idle minutes are his reign;
Then, the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys:
'Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

1 Grace If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him,

2 Grace Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3 Grace Since you hear his falser play;
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Ben Jonson.

XVIII
CYTHEREAE PUER ALES

Arcus hic gerit aureos et infra
demissam pharetram, gravem sagittis,
ornatus superantibus Dianae.
quas inter magis est acuminata
si quod cuspide vulnus, hoc priore
ferro percutit improbus parentem.

in pulcherrima namque semper ignis
scintillam movet, asperumque tempus
si quando placet, omnis ex amantum
venis ducitur haustus, inque caldo
horum sanguine se incoquit lavatque:
nec quicquam nisi vulnera expedivit
crudelis manus, estque sana tantum
semper mens odio. cavete, nuptae,
fanti credere; blanda sub querellis
quamvis verba sonent, fides loquenti
raro convenit: iste quae movebit,
fraudes; quod dabit, esca nantis hami;
nunquam basia non ferunt venenum,
et si bis lacrimas quaterve fudit,
tunc est optimus artifex dolorum.

hic regnum sibi sumit otiosas
horas: tum vaga lucra, tum parantur,
dum munuscula frivolasque nugas
donat virginibus, rogatque vobis
fiant gaudia, simplices puellae.
namque haec ambitio est, sed una, parvo,
cunctis ut puerilis ipsiusque
instar sit facies. placetne, pulchrae,
luci credere talibus notatum?
sed monstrate, aperite: nam tenebris
quamvis occuluisse sit voluntas,
ut spes est mea, non feretis ultra
vanum; quandoquidem ista nota nobis
iam fallacia, subdolique lusus,
nec frustra Veneris tenetur erro.

R. E.

XIX

THE SIRENS' SONG

Steer hither, steer your winged pines,
  All-beaten mariners,
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,
  A prey to passengers.
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest.
  Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips;
  But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
  Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests:
  For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring
  We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

The Inner Temple Masque, 1614-5.
William Browne.

XX

A SIMILE

As Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
  Did show she footing found, for all the flood;
So when good soules departed through Death's doore,
  Come not againe, it shewes their dwelling good.

Sir J. Davies.

XIX

SIRENUM VOCES

Huc melius, nautae, volucres advertite pinus
  quibus lacessit unda saevior ratem,
cuilibet hic raptu facilis thesaurus amorum,
  vacantibus labore praeda conditur.
alitis hic Arabis superant nidumque rogumque
  odora tura nariumque copia.
neu ratibus timeatis, abest, quod laedere possit,
  abestque praeter haec, quod obstet, oscula.
huc fugite, huc, pereunt ubi gaudia nulla, Cupido
  recentiora donec expediverit.
pro tumidis undis leviore tumentia motu
  neque inquieta pectora haec habebitis.
sidera sint vobis oculi faustissima nostri
  neque ipse Castor emicat benignior.
mox Amor ad citharam, quot turbent aequora venti
  leventque, dicet, et, quot ille nominat,
nos totiens labris iungemus labra, nec ullus
  suo carebit osculo Favonius.

E. D. S.

XX

REQUIES EA CERTA LABORUM

Ut se Lamechidae probat haud reditura palumbes
  figere diluvio posse sinente pedem,
sic quas restituunt non amplius ostia Ditis
  certa piis animis creditur esse domus.

F. St. J. T.

XXI
A CÉRÈS

Regarde, ô Cérès la grande
danser la rustique bande
des laboureurs assemblez
a la semence des bleds.
fay que le grain ne pourrisse
par la pluie, et ne perisse
par l'hyver trop avancé
le sillon ensemencé.
que la malheureuse avesne
ne foisonne sur la plaine,
ni tout autre herbe qui nuit
au grain dont vient le bon fruict.
que les oiseaux qui ravissent,
du froument ne se nourrissent,
ni ces monstres d'animaux
qui font par tout tant de maux.
c'est assez, moissons parfaictes
autres festes seront faictes,
et seront tes cheveux saints
d'espics couronnez et ceints.

XXII

My dear and only Love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy :
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a Synod in thy heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

Montrose.

XXI

HYMNUS AD CEREREM

Alma sis, o magna Ceres, colonis
qui tuum numen celebrant, et arva
ter gravi pulsant pede, mox daturi
semina terrae.
tu cave ne qua pluvialis umor
grana corrumpat, neque hiemps proterva
creditum sulcis venientis anni
polluat auctum.
absit infelix lolium et beatis
quod satis gramen nocet; abstineto
hinc rapax ales, procul hinc abeste
monstra ferarum,
pestis auctores :—satis est; peracta
messe erit festis iterum vacare,
tu sacros flava redimita crines
stabis arista.

E. D. S.

XXII

FORTES ADIUVAT IPSA VENUS

Deliciae cordis, Lalage, et spes unica nostri,
si tibi amatori cura placere tuo,
ne multis pateant dominis tua corda; sibi unus
rex sine rivali vindicet imperium.
detestanda bonis quod si discordia sensus
distrahet ambigua seditione tuos—
mentis in aede tuae si plebs convenerit, illic
me quoque ne speres adfore; nullus ero.
magnus Alexander partiri noluit orbem:
hoc ego, non alio, foedere regna volo.
est hic, est animus divisi spretor amoris,
participem regni nec sinit esse sui.
scilicet aut animi nimis est in amore pusilli
ille vir, aut sentit se meruisse parum,
omnia qui dubiis refugit committere talis,
ut levis arbitrio stetque cadatque deae.

H. C. F. M.

XXIII

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Falstaff, Nym, Pistol.

F. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box : his thefts were too open ; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.
N. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.
P. Convey, the wise it call : steal ! foh — a fico for the phrase !
F. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.
P. Why, then, let kibes ensue.
F. There is no remedy ; I must coney-catch ; I must shift.
P. Young ravens must have food.
F. Which of you know Ford of this town ?
P. I ken the wight ; he is of substance good.
F. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.
P. Two yards, and more.
F. No quips now, Pistol ; Indeed I am in the waist two yards about : but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife.

Shakespeare.

XXIII

REM QVOCVNQVE MODO REM

MILES. Di me ament ut congerronis volup est deliquio mei,
purus putus homo est malleolus, nimium in propatulo harpagat;
prave succinit clependo, nihili cantorum modo.

N. ita mecastor bene subripies, dicto ut citius hoc agas.

P. apagesis, non hoc ego empsim verbum ficu putida!
homines graphici conciliare non subripere se autumant.

M. per soleas dispiciunt calces.

P. siris igitur lippiant.

M. pol sum ad incitas redactus, venaturast iam mihi aliquovorsum faciunda.

P. estur, inquiunt, corniculis.

M. Chariclem hic habitantem ecquis novit?

P. novi callide, et scio
locupletem hominem.

M. scitin igitur quae mihi circumscriptio—

P. quinque enim vix cubitis minor.

M. hui! captiones, obsecro,
face conpendi: medio haud quaero quae mihi circumscriptiost;
sed vobis in medium quaero, mihique; ne longum morer
mulierem mi Chariclis huius in animo est circumscribere.

R. Y. T.

XXIV
BASE COMPARISONS
(Henry IV., Pt. i., Act ii., Scene 4)

Falstaff—Prince—Poins

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them: gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy, tallow keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What! upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion—I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Shakespeare.

XXIV

MILES—PHILOCRATES—STASIMUS

MILES. Tum tres simitu cum herbeis tunicis viri,
dis meis iratis, homines intestabiles,
a tergo adorti valide me infestis petunt
machaeris; nam adeo tenebricosa ea nox erat
non hercle nosses digitos tuos— *P.* eho, plenior
periuriorum quam ipsa Vaniloquentiast,
et mons mendaciorum manufestissume!
quin, totum omentum, dicedum, et totum lutum,
stultiloque, obstupideque, et stercorei sebi hama—

M. quid? num es cerritus? quae te intemperiae tenent?
enim tune qui convincas vera inventus es?

P. dic quidum, qui non potueris digitos tuos
prae tenebris nosse, idem herbea istos cum schema
noris; cedo argumenta. *S.* age, amabo, loqueredum!

M. mene argumenta invitum dare et ingratiis!
nollem equidem, si etiam scirem esse in mundo mihi
tot cruciamenta apud Acheruntem quot cluent,
dare argumenta invitus atque ingratiis.
ita me di amassint, ut, si mi esset prae manu
argumentorum copia alga vilior,
dare denegarem invitus atque ingratiis.

P. sed quid ego cesso hoc apstinere a me scelus?
hic muricidus lurco, lectorum Acheruns,
canteriorum lumbifragium, hic merus adeps—

M. vae tibi, ieiuniose! vae aetati tuae,
mastruga, maena, vae ligula muriatica
vitulina! qui mi vox iis rebus suppetat
unorsis quas tis esse similes autumem!
vagina, toxotheca, tum nihili verum—

P. anhelitum ergo recipe, et eia! denuo.
et exempla turpia ubi adfatim cumulaveris,
hoc animum advortas quod loquar. *S.* hem! hoc
age.

R. Y. T.

XXV

WHEN THOU MUST HOME

When thou must home to shades of underground,
  And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
  White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that sweet tongue whose music hell can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
  Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys, and great challenges of knights,
  And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

Thomas Campion, 1601.

XXVI

CUPID

When younglings first on Cupid fix their sight,
  And see him naked, blindfold, and a boy,
Though bow and shafts and firebrands be his might,
  Yet ween they he can work them none annoy ;
And therefore with his purple wings they play,
  For glorious seemeth Love, though light as feather,
And when they have done, they ween to scape away,
  For blind men, say they, shoot they know not whither.
But when by proof they find that he did see,
  And that his wound did rather dim their sight,
They wonder more how such a lad as he
  Should be of such surpassing power and might.
But ants have galls, so hath the bee his sting ;
Then shield me, heavens, from such a subtle thing.

William Byrd, 1589.

XXV

MIRANTUR UMBRAE DICERE

Hospes ubi miranda recens adveneris umbras,
ire sub infernas sorte iubente domos,
cum te pulchra Iope, te Tyndaris aurea cingent
et fortunati cetera turba chori,
ordine digestos tua cum numerabit amores
callida Tartareum lingua movere Deum;
splendida tum luxu dices convivia, mimos,
quotque sibi lusus blanda iuventa parat,
infestos narrabis equos, equitumque labores
nobilium, formae digna tropaea tuae,
mox ubi finis erit, titulosque peregeris omnes,
me quoque me telis his periisse refer.

E. D. S.

XXVI

δεινὸς Ἔρως δεινός

Cum primum iuvenes in se convertit hiantes
et puer et clauso lumine nudus Amor,
ut gerat ille faces, arcumque levesque sagittas,
nil sibi tam mollem posse nocere putant.
ergo purpureis non cessant ludere pennis,
nam levior pluma est, sed speciosus Amor.
mox ubi sat lusum est, "quin sit fuga protinus," aiunt,
"caecus enim nescit, quo sua tela volent."
acres tum demum novere Cupidinis orbes,
atque oculis potius vulnus obesse suis,
miranturque magis, tantas quo numine vires
quo tantum possit robur habere puer,—
at sua cuspis api est, at habet formica venenum;
a! mihi tam saevos, di, prohibete dolos.

E. D. S.

XXVII

THE EPICURE

Methinks I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking—thanks to the bounteous Rugio;
And now, methinks, I scorn these poor repasts,
Cheese-parings and the stinking tongues of pilchers:
But why should I remember these? they are odious,
They are odious in my eyes: the full fat dish now,
The bearing dish is that I reverence,
The dish an able serving man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams as if the house hung on him:
The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and circumstance,
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter!
And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
And he displayed in all parts! for such a dish now,
And at my need I would betray my father,
And for a roasted conger all my country.

J. Fletcher.
("Women Pleased.")

XXVIII

THE PRAISE OF LOVE

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
  I do adore thee.
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
  And fall before thee.

(From Captain Tobias Hume's
"The First Part of Airs," 1605.)

XXVII

EPICURI DE GREGE PORCUS

Iamdudum mihi curato bene pinguis, opinor,
crescit aqualiculus, crescunt fastidia, naso
omnia suspendo; tanti est tua gratia nobis,
Virro, lautorum lautissime; nunc ego certe
vilia contemno convivia pauperiorum,
et lardi fragmenta et mucida frusta siluri.
quid tamen haec meminisse iuvat? surgit mihi bilis
atra recordanti; mensas nunc inter onustas
mazonomum veneror, quo non spatiosior alter;
scilicet hunc portans contento poplite sudat,
sustineat veluti tota atria, magnus agaso,
quinetiam magni nasum (mihi crede) supinor
altilis introitu; quanto molimine, quanta
luxuria ingreditur, magna comitante caterva!
quali iure natat, malis et caepe superba!
quam iacet et toto spectacula corpore praebet!
quam mihi si obtuleris pretium, et latraverit alvus,
proditor exstarem cari genitoris, et idem,
si modo contigerint assi mihi praemia congri,
laxarem Romae metuendis claustra Britannis!

T. J. B. B.

XXVIII

IN LAUDEM AMORIS

A! tibi, mitis Amor, quanta est iniuria, si quis
  dulcia, quae famulo reddis, acerba vocat;
iste capit tanta sensum dulcedine fructus,
  ut nihil in terris gratius esse rear.
laetitiae mihi sancta domus, qua vera voluptas
  sede viget, fida te pietate colo;
cum scio te quid sis, cor se tibi dedicat uni,
  meque tuos ultro proicit ante pedes.

A. C. A.

XXIX

THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD

I'm no slave to such as you be,
  Neither can that snowy breast,
Rowling eye, and lip of rubie,
  Ever rob me of my rest :
Goe, goe, display thy beauty's ray
  To some more soon enamoured swaine :
Those common wiles of sighs and smiles
  Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie,
  Turn away thy tempting eye :
Shew me not a painted beautie,
  Such impostures I defy :
My spirit loathes where gaudy clothes
  And feigned othes may love obtain :
I love her so whose look swears "No"!
  That all your labours will be vaine.

G. Wither.

XXX

Porta il buon villanel da strania riva
sovra gli omeri suoi pianta novella,
e col favor della più bassa stella
fa che risorga nel suo campo, e viva :
indi'l sole e la pioggia e 'l'aura estiva
l'adorna e pasce e la fa lieta e bella.
Gode 'l cultore e sè felice appella,
che delle sue fatiche al premio arriva.
Ma i pomi un tempo a lui serbati e cari
rapace mano in breve spazio coglie ;
tanta è la copia degl' ingordi avari.
Così, lasso, in un giorno altri mi toglie
il dolce frutto di tanti anni amari,
ed io rimango ad odorar le foglie.

Francesco Beccati (1509-1553).

XXIX

CONSTANTIS IUVENEM FIDE

Stat mihi non unquam tali servire puellae;
  pectora nec positas vincere iussa nives,
non oculi liquidi, non labra rubentia possunt
  composito somnos exagitare toro.
i, precor, et formae victrix ostende nitores,
  hoc si quis citius tangitur igne puer!
non hodie risus, nec me suspiria ducunt;
  istis blanditiis succubuisse pudet.
est mihi pacta fides alias;—hinc, perfida, verte
  si quas illecebras lumina falsa parant.
non captare potest fuco medicata venustas;
  stat contra tales mens mihi firma dolos.
sunt odio nobis fictae periuria linguae;
  purpureis sordet vestibus emptus amor;
quaeque negat nutu tantum, captatque negando,
  plus quam tu, quisvis artibus usa, valet.

A. C. A.

XXX

SIC VOS NON VOBIS

Rusticus arboream stirpem, non ante repertam,
  rettulit externo, pondere onustus, agro.
rure suo adlatam posuit: caeloque favente
  hactenus ignoto pullulat illa solo.
sol ramis pluviaeque almisque Favonius auris
  robora dant: laeto numine pulchra viget.
iam, felix operae, cultor sua poma recenset,
  gaudiaque ingenti digna labore rapit.
at, quibus immoritur captus dulcedine, fructus
  sustulit abreptos furis avara manus.
scilicet haud defit furum mala copia; at ipsi
  sic mihi post operam fructus inanis abit.
nam subiens alter duros sperata per annos
  poma rapit: tantum frondibus ipse fruor.

W. H. B.

XXXI

EVENING SONG OF THE PRIEST OF PAN

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads;
See the heavy clouds low-falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours, fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox,
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these
Be not too secure in ease;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids; so farewell:
Thus I end my evening knell.

J. Fletcher.

XXXI

VENIT HESPERUS

Ducite, pastores, pecus in sua septa,—puellae,
ducite molle pecus: iam crassior ingruit aer,
et sol ingentem confecit maxumus orbem.
floribus, en! quotcunque latent, tenera oscula libat
ros novus, et capita inclinat fucata rosarum—
sic teres innectit crystallina baca monile—
impendentque graves nebulae, segnemque superne
lucidus infernis noctem Hesperus evocat antris,
qua surgente, volans late dispergitur umor
instabilis, leviterque premit ridentia prata,
letalique necat plantas et germina plaga.
ergo, quisquis adest, pecori contagia caro
defendat, recubentque canes sine more soluti,
ne de monte ruat lupus explorator, et agnum
auferat aut haedum ante diem, neve improba vulpes
furta paret, neu fraude carens irrumpat ovile.
talia ne fiant noxae, secura cavete
otia: pastores fidi sic iure probantur
quales esse decet, dominique merentur amorem.
iamque valete: sopor vobis dulcissimus artus
ambiat, atque oculos numerosa silentia claudant;
vesper abit, nostrique abeunt cum vespere cantus.

E. D. S.

XXXII

FROM "THE SILENT WOMAN"

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ben Jonson.

XXXIII

REST COMES AT LAST

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
    Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death and daungerous dismay,
    With which my silly bark was tossed sore;
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
    In which I hope ere long for to arryve.
Fayre soyle it seems from far, and fraught with store
    Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he! that can at last atchyve
    The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
    Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrows short that gaine eternall blisse.

Spenser.

XXXII

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

Usque adeo nitidamque decet cultamque videri,
    festa foret tanquam semper agenda dies ;
pingere cerussa faciem, nardoque perungi ;
    causam his munditiis suspicor esse, Chloe.
anne artis nimiae cum condita fallat origo,
    integra quae celas et bene sana putem ?
da mihi sinceros vultus atque ora tueri,
    quae concinna mera simplicitate nitent.
me magis alliciat, mihi crede, incuria dulcis,
    discinctae et vestes et sine lege comae.
quae ficta formam meretricis adulterat arte,
    illa oculos captat, corda movere nequit.

E. D. S.

XXXIII

NULLUM MARIS AEQUOR ARANDUM

Post nimias hiemes tempestatumque furores,
    quaeque mala indocilis mens fuit ante pati,
cum mea iamdudum medio in discrimine mortis
    aegra laboraret cymba, fremente salo,
tandem prospicio felicia litora sospes,
    laetior optati spe propiore soli.
terra patet iucunda procul, quam ditat abunde
    deliciis grati quidquid ubique viget.
ter quater hic felix fortunatusque laborum,
    cui tandem alma salus tantaque parta quies ;
cui praeterlapsi potis est oblivia luctus
    pars dare laetitiae quantulacunque suae.
est brevis, Elysium si compensabitur, angor :
    nil moror empturum gaudia tanta malum.

F. St. J. T.

XXXIV

A PROPHECY

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.

Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombéd in men's eyes shall lie.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;

You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Shakespeare.
(Sonnet 81.)

XXXV

A REQUIEM

Sleepe on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale:
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.

Bishop King.

XXXIV

VATICINATIO

Seu titulum tumuli scribam tibi, amice, superstes,
seu mea te vivo membra tenebit humus,
non Libitina tuas deleverit invida laudes,
ipsa licet pereat nominis umbra mei.
tu poteris per me vita gaudere perenni,
me, simul occidero, fata fuisse volent:
lectorumque oculi fient tibi nobile bustum,
vilis ego in vili contumulabor humo.
pro memori saxo stabunt tibi carmina nostra
postmodo victuris saepe legenda viris,
multaque, qui fueris, narrabit lingua futuro,
cum tota occiderit gens hodierna, die.
semper enim vives qua vivacissima vita est,
(tantum nostra valet Musa) per ora virum.

W. R. I.

XXXV

AVE PIA ANIMA!

Dormi, noster amor, dormi frigente cubili,
cui datur aeternum non violanda quies.
supremum do, cara, vale! non rumpere somnos
fas tibi, dum sortem consequar ipse tuam;
dum dolor aut tabes aut denique tarda senectus
membra sub optata consociarit humo.
dum comes implero quem pectora maesta sepulcri
esse iubent vacuum qua tumulare locum.
fac precor exspectes ibi me! cava Ditis in umbra
congressus nostri conscia vallis erit.
neu vitio mihi verte moras! quin parte peracta
ampridem extremum pes meus instat iter,
te quantum acer amor, quantum dolor improbus urget,
pone sequor, cupidos acceleroque gradus.

F. St. J. T.

XXXVI

THE HORSES OF THE SOULDAN

As when the firie-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly craples * crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knowen courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these headstrong steeds,
Soon as the Infant's sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law:
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did draw
The yron charet, and the wheels did teare,
And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould† his crying heare.

Spenser.

(Faerie Queene, Bk. V. viii. 40.)

* claws. † would not.

XXXVII

A palace when 'tis that, which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such or else decays,
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward and his future raise.
So had your body her morning, hath her noon
And shall not better, her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, to whom Sun and Moon
Are sparks and short-lived, claims another right.

Donne.

XXXVI

Qualis equos in frena truces, qui plaustra trahebant
flammantis Phoebi, exitio Phaetonta daturos,
(obrepsisse irae simul aspexere malignum
Scorpion in fraudem flexis utrinque lacertis)
depulit excussos nota regione viarum
vi pavor insolita—detortos scilicet ignes
lampadis aeternae rapiunt, hominumque labores
dum paene in cinerem vertunt, in tramite caeli
nescia deleri ponunt vestigia flammae:
talis et hos, simul ardentis puer ille retexit
fulgorem clipei, raptis furor egit habenis
quadrupedes: vocis pariter dextraeque regentis
immemores sprevere suae moderamina legis,
perque iuga et silvas praeruptaque saxa volantes
corripuere rotas et aeni pondera currus,
hinc atque hinc temere incerta dum sede labantem
impavidi aurigam iactant—licet increpet ille
voce gravi, attonitos nil vox audita moratur.

H. K.

XXXVII

Cum tandem attigerit perfectam regia formam,
  vel stat qualis erat, vel peritura ruit.
qui colit, hic non passus idem; sublimis in auras
  nititur, inque dies nobiliora petit.
sic formae flos primus abit, media occupat aetas,
  nec fiet melior; nox subeunda manet.
at sibi plus iuris divinior arrogat hospes,
  quo brevior Sol est, Lunaque luce minor.

E. D. S.

XXXVIII

TIME AND LOVE

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my Love away:
—This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Shakespeare.
(Sonnet 64.)

XXXIX

GRIEF AND BEAUTY

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrowed looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be a shore of discontent.
Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Bishop King.

XXXVIII

TEMPUS EDAX RERUM TUQUE INVIDIOSA VETUSTAS OMNIA DESTRUITIS

En confecta aevi pereunt monumenta peracti,
 temporis infesta despoliata manu :
celso procumbunt aequatae vertice turres,
 firmaque mortalis destruit aera furor :
ingruit oceanus, fluctuque instante rapaci
 litora in imperium subtrahit usque suum ;
inque vicem tractus invadit terra madentes ;
 cuique aliena nocet copia, damna iuvant.
mutatos quotiens ego sic contemplor honores ;
 sive etiam totum deperiisse decus,
hoc me perpetuae rerum monuere ruinae,
 tempore quam noster sit periturus amor.
sic ego discrucior moriens, lacrimisque coactis
 perdere quae metuo, dum fruor ipse, fleo.

W. C. G.

XXXIX

QUID FLES, ASTERIE?

Lumina cur plenos simulant crystallina fontes
 qui properant ripas exsuperare suas?
absterge, mea vita, genas : torrentibus atris
 tristitiae melius det cava ruga viam.
pulchra tibi facies : nec qualem destinat oram
 curarum tundi fluctibus alma Venus.
parce, precor, lacrimis : niteant ea sidera tandem,
 quae mihi perpetuas vaticinantur aquas.
me miserum, vereor, totum ne segnis in annum
 tanta gravent frontem nubila, duret hiemps ;
exemplo neu sis aliis, studioque dolendi
 tabescat mores turba secuta tuos.

E. D. S.

XL

FROM A COLLECTION OF EARLY MS. MUSIC-BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."
Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge him in the manger.

Bullen's Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books.

XL

PRO PUDOR!

Si magnus ultro se daret hospitem
Caesar benigna mente, ita nuntians:—
    cenare cras tecum voluntas
        fert mea: qui labor inquietos
urgeret omnes! quot fremerent domo
mandata! "nusquam segnibus est locus:
    hic ornet Hispanas in aula
        strenuus expediatque mensas.
hic curet amplum sit spatium, et cibi
quod vel supersit: tu niteant iube
    splendore tam vivo lucernae, ut
        non opis indigeant olivae
candentis: heus tu murice principum
lectos, tapetis sterne solum; caput
    aulaea, pulvinar cubantes
        molle levet, facibusque crebris
scalae remittant lumen: odoribus
conclavia halent: ordine debito
    stet quisque succinctus minister,"
        non alio domus apparatu
sudaret omnis, si foribus modo
adstare tantum crederet hospitem,
    mortalis hos princeps honores
        iure potens sibi vindicaret,
cui si placeret, quod dedimus, foret
non ille sumptus, non labor irritus:—
    sin hospes est rex ipse caeli
        cuncta iacent temere impedita:
squalore foedo volvimur improbi:
Christo roganti non thalamus patet,
    durumque ut extorri paratur,
        ceu prius, in stabulis cubile.

E. D. S.

XLI

THE PRIMROSE

Aske me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the yeere?
Aske me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your eares,
The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending (yet it doth not break?)
I will answer, These discover
What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

Herrick.

XLII

A SIMILE

So have I seen a rock's heroic breast
Against proud Neptune that his ruin threats,
When all his waves he hath to battle prest
And with a thousand swelling billows beats
The stubborn stone, and foams and chafes and frets
To heave him from his root, unmovèd stand;
And more in heaps the breaking surges band,
The more in pieces beat fly weeping to the strand.

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,
To please his wanton son, his only joy,
Coast all about to catch the roving bee,
And, stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for the gamesome boy:
Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth erace,
Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
Or with his little hands her tum'rous gorge embrace

Giles Fletcher.

XLI

PRIMULA

Quaeris odorati cur sic tibi, Postume, veris
    mittere primitias,
cur iuvet umentem guttis et rore recenti
    dona tulisse rosam?
accipe quae fateor: lacrimis sua perfidus ille
    gaudia miscet Amor.
at rosa cur flavo sic palluit aegra colore,
    interitura brevi?
cur declinato pendet tenuissima culmo,
    nec viduata cadit?
scilicet ista docent, spes irrita quid sit amantum,
    quid male certus amor.

R. E.

XLII

SIMILE

Non aliter vidi validam se opponere rupem
Neptuno tumidoque undis cladem que minanti,
mille deus quotiens ciet ad certamina fluctus
aestibus innumeris auctus scopulumque lacessit
invictum spumatque salo atque exaestuat ira,
si forte ex ima radice evellat: at illi
fixa manet moles: quanto magis agmine facto
agglomerantur aquae, passim latrantibus undis,
hoc magis adflictae scopulo atque ad litora pulsae
ingeminant luctum. qualis (sic vidimus) audax
huc illuc pater urget apem vagus ipse vagantem,
lascivo ut placeat, quae spes est unica, nato,
spicula nec curat, sed sedulus utitur arte
mella ciens latebris, festivae praemia proli:
sive venenatis cassos dum dentibus angues
innocuos tradit puero sine fraude sequendos,
sive iubet tumido circum dare bracchia collo.

J. C. M.

XLIII

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cursed his creation; Death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But Death comes not at call, Justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song.

Milton.

XLIV

PHARMACUS

Next Pharmacus of ghastly, wild aspect;
Whom Hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:
Fully eas'ly would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guess foresay,
By slain beasts' entrails, and fowls' markèd flight:
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the sun and moon, and chang'd the day and night.

So when the South (dipping his sablest wings
In humid Ocean) sweeps with 's dropping beard
The air, earth, and seas; his lips' loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afeard:
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met;
The sun but now is rising, now is set;
And finds west-shades in east, and seas in airs wet.

Phineas Fletcher.

XLIII
MORTEM ORAT

Haec secum Genitor, noctisque silentia rumpit
voce gravi plorans : nec iam nox ipsa salubri
frigore mitis adit, qualis prius ire solebat;
mutata humano lapsu nunc aere furvo
horrens et nebulis venit et caligine dira;
unde metu duplici culpae vir conscius auget
quidquid obest oculis : gelidam se sternit in herbam,
sternit, humique iacens maledictis mille creatum
se dolet e nilo, et cunctandi crimine Mortem
persequitur totiens, sceleris quae dicta sit ipso
poena die. "quin, Mors, adstas semel," inquit "et ictum
vulnere ter grato perimis! mentita erit ergo
ipsa Fides? iurisne volet secura videri
Iustitia aeterni? sed Mors adstare vocanti
neglegit, aeternamque ut segnes incitet alas
Iustitiam nequeo votis aut cogere fletu.
heu nemora et fontes, heu clivi, hortique latentes
valle! alias nuper voces resonabat imago,
umbris me vestris non hanc praeeunte camenam."

C. W. M.

XLIV
PHARMACUS

Proximus ora modis attollit pallida miris
Pharmacides, Stygis ille horror Stygiaeque cohortis,
temporis eventus catus indagare peracti,
callidus et gemino casus aperire futuros
omine, visceribusque boum cursuque volantum.
quin etiam tempestates ciet ille sinistra
arte ministrorum: nitidam cum fratre Dianam
deducitque polo et miscet noctemque diemque.
haud secus atque undis nigrantes imbuit alas
aequoreis Notus, et verrit maria aethera terras
rore capillorum madidaeque adspergine barbae:
fulminat ille oculis: tonitru obstupuere labrorum
terrigenae: fluctuque ignes et vellera nimbis
miscentur: nova lux solis se condit, Eois
occiduas mutans umbras, udo aethere pontum.

J. C. M.

XLV

NOT UNTO US!

No marble statüe, nor high
Aspiring Piramid be rays'd
To lose its head within the skie!
What claime have I to memory?
    God, be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeate
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laureis of the great,
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
    O' th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of Art,
Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
    Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie, why build'st thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled streame in th' Ocean hide,
    And nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea
To levell vastest buildings low
And all our Trophies overthrow,
    Ebbes like a theefe away.

No laurell wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
    Thy influence but withdraw.

W. Habington.

XLV

NON NOBIS DOMINE

Ne marmor altum ne mihi pyramis
findat superbo nubila vertice!
    quid me recordentur minores?
        Numen, honor tibi detur uni,
victorias qui magna minantium
delere, regum incendere laureas
    repente, praeclarasque laudes
        nube potes subita inquinare.
contra procellam quid miserae valent
artes? an illi, cui peredunt cutem
    vermes, per aeratam superstes
        fama sonat titulos columnam?
pro! gens inani caeca superbia!
Aeternitas, quidnam hic struis? altior
    iam crescit aestus, iam resorbens
        Oceanus vorat effluentem,
furtimque cedit, qui violentior
frangebat undis litora, ceu freto
    mandante deturbaret aedes,
        nostraque dirueret tropaea.
haec frons coronas abicit: at Deus
laudetur, aequo numine qui regit
    victosque victoresque, praesens
        ni fuerit, simul obruendos.

E. D. S.

XLVI

Trust not, sweet soul, those curlèd waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enrolled.
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe
When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told;
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes:
—The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ay me! not spare that spring of yours.

W. Drummond.

XLVII

Faire mistresse of the earth with garlands crowned,
Rise, by a lover's charme, from the parcht ground,
And shew thy flowery wealth: that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there,
Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lilies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t' appeare;
She absent, I have all their winter here.
Or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
Her the coole breathing of Favonius lend,
Thither command the birds to bring their quires;
That zone is temperate, I have all his fires.

W. Habington.

XLVI

NE FIDE COLORI

Undanti, mea lux, crini quid credis et auro
  tempora quod fluitans suave per illa nitet?
tempora quid prosunt nivibus candentia puris
  quid gena quae Tyrio tingit honore nives?
sidera quis perii noli iactare gemella,
  caeruleo simul ac lumine tactus eram,
nec liquidae vocis sonitum, cui mira loquenti
  Threiciae cedunt omnia facta lyrae.
aspice languentes ferrugineos hyacinthos,
  marcida cum pulchris lilia cerne rosis,
quorum ridebant dulci modo prata lepore;
  artus enim vitam finis utrimque premit.
scilicet hos flores quae vis rapit aspera fati,
  hei mihi! ver olim straverit illa tuum.

H. B.

XLVII

VER

Diva, potens terrae, variis redimita corollis,
  te ciet e sicca carmen amantis humo.
detege divitias, felici sidere ducta
  ut decus aspiciat Phyllis ubique tuum.
si Boreae sedem gelidasque vagetur ad Arctos
  territa per vastos lilia prome locos,
et rosa florescat mediis invita pruinis:
  Phyllis abest: ad nos improba migrat hiemps.
sin nimio visat regionem sole perustam,
  ocius o zephyri flamina mitte tui;
et Libyci resonent circum concentibus agri;
  illos temperies, me calor omnis habet.

H. B.

XLVIII

CROMWELL

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
    Nor in the shadows sing
    His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
    Removing from the wall
    The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
    But through adventurous war
    Urgéd his active star:

And like the three-fork'd lightning first,
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
    Did thorough his own side
    His fiery way divide:

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent;
    And Caesar's head at last
    Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
    And if we would speak true,
    Much to the Man is due

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservéd and austere
    (As if his highest plot
    To plant the bergamot)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
    And cast the Kingdoms old
    Into another mould.

Andrew Marvell.

XLVIII

SUCCESSUS URGERE SUOS

Iam quotquot urget laudis amor, viri,
linquenda vobis Pieris est placens:
    neu dulcis umbrarum recessus
        detineat numerive molles:

namque hora chartas tradere araneis
parmamque suadet depositam situ
    purgare, loricamque in aulae
        parietibus rapuisse fixam:

ingloriae nam pacis in artibus
cessare nescit noster, at impiger
    instare Fortunae favori
        bella cupit dubiosque casus.

qualis trisulci fulminis impetus
prima, unde natum est, nubila dividit,
    sic ille per partes suorum
        findit iter rutilante flamma.

hunc ruptus aether non facibus suis
molesque regum templaque numinum
    sensere, flammataeque laurus
        Caesareum caput ambientes.

obstare caeli cum furit ignibus
insanientum, sive quis increpat:
    nec laude, si verum fatemur,
        exigua cumulandus ille,

qui nuper arte vixerat in suis
privatus hortis urbe procul, velut
    si summa curarum citretis
        in propriis foret ordinandis:

virtute at idem strenuus ignea
quod saecla saeclis addita sanxerant,
    evertit, ipse incude fingens
        sceptra nova seriemque regum.

H. C. F. M.

XLIX

THE UNFADING PICTURE

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this;—and this gives life to thee.

Shakespeare.
(Sonnet 18.)

L

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Shakespeare.
(Sonnet 33.)

XLIX

EXEGI MONUMENTUM

Num licet aestivae similem te dicere luci?
    gratia maior inest temperiesque tibi.
cara quidem Boreas conturbat germina Mai,
    aestatique breves lex dat acerba moras.
interdum nimios Sol mittit ab axe calores,
    interdum facies aurea nube latet.
nec quicquam pulchri est, cui non incerta venustas,
    seu fors seu rerum comminuere vices.
verum aestas aeterna tibi languescere nescit,
    quidquid habes pulchri stabit eritque tuum.
nec mors iactabit te per sua tesca vagari,
    crescis enim nostris, crescit ut hora, modis;
dum spirare homines, oculi dum cernere possunt,
    vivet et hoc, vitam quod tibi praebet, opus.

E. D. S.

L

SOL ET UMBRA

Mane novo quotiens ego Phoebi lampada vidi
    blandiri celsis luce micante iugis,
oscula dum nitidis prati dat laeta smaragdis;
    dum fax pallentes aurea mutat aquas!
qui tamen aetherium mox sordida nubila vultum
    informi velo dedecorare sinit,
et faciem abscondens turpem mortalibus aegris
    Hesperium fallit mersus in Oceanum.
Sol meus haud aliter victrici luce refulsit
    dignatus frontem tingere mane meam:
quem mox, me miserum! unius breve condidit horae
    post spatium obductis nubibus atra dies.
nec tamen hunc sperno exosus: si nubila solem
    caelestem maculant, rectius illa meum!

W. C. G.

LI

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To such delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name;
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat:
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race:
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow:
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed

LI

HORTUS UBI

Frustra decentem frontis adoream
palmamque laurumque improbus appetis,
  longique mercedem laboris
    una Ceres tulit, una Daphne.
at Nympha parco margine frondium
modesta tantos culpat anhelitus ;
  totum recumbenti coronas
    implicuit nemus, omnis herba.
hoc tu recessu, sancta Quies, domum,
tu, cara, ponis Simplicitas soror ?
  a ! saepe quaerentem fefellit
    turba virum trepidique coetus.
humana si fas incolere est deae,
florere flores inter amabitis ;
  urbs ipsa prae ruris quieti
    deliciis male culta sordet.
spirent amores lilia vel rosae :
luci virentis plus Veneri color
  arridet : in truncis severae
    multus amans ferus exaravit
nomen puellae, nescius a ! miser
quanto sit ulmus virgine pulchrior.
  caedente me, pulchri, feretis
    nomina non aliena, trunci.
huc imminutis cedere nos decet
flammis amantes : terrigenam deus
  quam saepe dum captat puellam
    meta fuit trepidantis arbor !
Daphnen petebat, laurus Apollinem
lusit petentem : Maenalius pater
  Syringa ; pro Nympha fefellit
    versa manus cupidas harundo.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Andrew Marvell.

LII

The lark now leaves his watery nest
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes your window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings;
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

Sir William Davenant.

quam dulcis aetas hic agitur: caput
matura circa poma cadunt meum;
  inque ora liventes racemos
    exprimit ambitiosa vitis.
dat delicatum se temere in manus
prunum volentes: planta cucurbitis
  offendit, intortoque caespes
    flore tenax recipit labantem.
quin et, sereno pontus ut aequore,
mens mille rerum reddit imagines,
  arcana permutans profanis
    gaudia: mox sibi sola fingit
terrisque terras oceanum et mari
praestantiorem: nota recondidit,
  mundique vernantis creatrix
    per viridem spatiatur umbram.

Stanzas 1, 2, 6 are translated by M. J. R.;
3, 4, 5 by E. D. S.

LII

Deserit umentem nidum, dumque excutit alas
  rore graves crassum scandit alauda polum.
namque Oriente tuam putat effulgere fenestram,
  et cantat radios elicitura tuos.
surge, age! cunctatur vultus componere Luna
  nescia, dum speculum nacta sit ore tuo.
mercator paret stellae, quam navita servat
  et peragit monitu Solis arator opus.
Auroram sperare alios, dum lumina somnus
  victa premat dominae, vix bene credit amans.
et tu lassa iaces! age byssina proice texta,
  inducantque tori vela reclusa diem.

E. D. S.

LIII

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY

'Tis not a pyramid of marble-stone,
 Tho' high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
 Give life to th' ashes of a man;
But verses only they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are men to read or hear,
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
 And eat the pyramid away.

Poets by death are conquered, but the wit
 Of poets triumphs over it.
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus took
 His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
 And kept time to the charming song.
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow
 Craving the honour of his brow:
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny;
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
 And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.

Cowley.

LIV

MICHAEL

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flowed,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof.
His starry helm unbuckled shewed him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.

Milton.

LIII

QUID NON MUSA VALET?

Surgant Pyramides duro de marmore factae,
  spe nostra maior sidera tangat apex.
splendeat aere recens bustum: non artibus illis
  rapta semel cineri vita redire potest.
carminibus sed stabit honos et gratia, donec
  qui relegant oculi, quae bibat, auris erit.
mordax interea spirantia conteret aera,
  Pyramidas lento conteret hora situ.
nempe pii vatis valida de morte triumphat
  ingenium, ut morti cesserit ipse minor.
quid non musa valet? citharam cum Thracius Orpheus
  arriperet, molli sollicitante manu,
exuta feritate novas didicere choreas
  in numerum blandas saxa secuta fides.
laurus et ipsa manum petiit summissa poetae,
  si vellet fronti praeposuisse suae.
nolebant regni ius exercere vetusti,
  mutae dum celebrant illa theatra ferae.
adstabat posita formidine cerva leoni,
  securasque lupus pastor agebat oves.

E. D. S.

LIV

MICHAELIS

Dixerat: interea succedit caelicolum dux
divinam exutus formam; sic quaereret ultro
ipse homo congressus hominis: pellucida fluxit
coccineum per membra sagum, cui purpura Sarrae
(qualis pace data quondam fuit apta tyranno
emeritoque duci) vel quae Meliboea remisit
pallia cessissent: subtemina tinxerat Iris.
protinus egregii, galeae compage soluta
sidereae, vultus iam iamque egressa iuventa
ora patent; rutilae stellarum compedis instar
balteus accingit gladium, quem dira minantem
horrescit Satanas: dextram gravis occupat hasta.

E. D. S.

LV

THE FIFTH DAY'S CREATION

Meanwhile the tepid caves and fens and shores
Their brood as numerous hatch'd, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens; and soaring the air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build.
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage borne on winds: the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.

Milton.

LVI

YOUTH AND AGE

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Waller.

LV

QUINTA DIES

Interea tepida antra, palus, cava litora, partu
fervent innumero ; ruptis excluditur ovis
nuda quidem primo soboles, mox integra pluma
vestitur, iustisque elata per aera pennis
spernit humum clangore et caeli nubila captat.
rupe aquila en nidos summaque ciconia cedro
imposuere ; aliae aurarum per inane solutae
pro se quaeque volant, alias communior usus
in cuneum angusto contractas agmine niti
protinus edocuit, tempestatumque peritas
aerio terras super et mare pergere coetu,
mutua consertum dum sublevat ala volatum.
ad legem hanc gruibus prudentibus annuus ordo
navigat invectis vento, quarum undique vanno
pennarum innumera pulsatus fluctuat aer.

W. C. G.

LVI

QUANTUM DIVERSA

Ut freta composito siluerunt turbine, mulcet
    nos, simul ardores detumuere, quies;
scimus enim brevibus fuerit quam vana triumphis
    gloria, qui certa tam cito lege cadunt.
per nebulas iuvenem simulacrum fallit amoris,
    acre tuens sentit quam sit inane senex.
foeda situ rimis animae casa tempore factis
    immittit radios, atra sit ipsa, novos.
firmior, ut desint vires, sapientior idem est,
    quo propius caeli porta patescit, homo.
quique relicturus terram stat limine in ipso
    alterius vitae, spectat utramque simul.

F. St. J. T.

LVII

THE WISH

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high;
    Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone:
Th' unknown are better than ill-known;
    Rumour can ope the grave!
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends;

Books should, not business, entertain the light;
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
    My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, not luxury:
    My gardens painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, that pleasure yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space:
For he who runs it well twice runs his race:
    And in this true delight,
These unbought sports and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate;
    But boldly say each night,
"To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day."

Cowley

LVII

HOC ERAT IN VOTIS

Detur minor res invidia, neque
fastidienti tenuia sordeat;
    sed fama ne desit precanti,
        fama bonis bene parta factis;
nam nomen amplum deprecor incliti,
mallem latenter vivere quam male
    audire; rumori sepulcri
        porta patet Stygiaeque fauces.
turbam salutantum atria ne vomant,
commendet at mi quemque fides sua;
    nec luce me rixae forenses
        sollicitent mediusque Ianus
libris vacantem; grata quies mihi
sit nocte, leto sit similis sopor;
    et munda contingat, nocentes
        nescia suppeditare luxus,
sedes superbi non laris aemula
potentiorum; nec sciat addere
    ars ulla quaesitos honores
        sponte sua nitidis agellis
Flacco invidendis. sic geminas datur
duxisse vitas; nam spatium ampliat
    aetatis hic vitae diurnum
        qui bene vir stadium cucurrit.
a! tanta nullo si maneat quies
venalis auro! nec mihi deprecer
    cultrum verendarum sororum,
        nec nimium querar esse filum,
sed sorte degam laetus, et in dies
dixisse fas sit, "viximus, optimus
    vel sole cras puro, vel atra
        nube polum Pater occupato."

R. Y. T.

LVIII

THE CHANGE

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love's always seen,
But, oh! he never went within.
Within Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
And grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Cowley.

LIX

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

— Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless follie of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne;

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

— Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's goe a-maying.

Herrick.

LVIII

INTRORSUM TURPIS

Ludit Amor Lalages oculis revolutus apricis,
  per labyrintheas itque reditque comas,
binaque dum passim temere inter labra vagatur
  basia mille serit, basia mille metit.
quod spectare licet, nil non sacratur Amori,
  at negat interius se penetrasse Deus.
illic Fraus habitat, saevoque Superbia vultu
  et quodcumque virens odit et horret Amor.
hei mihi! namque premit me sors contraria: curae
  deformant faciem, pallor in ore sedet;
intus habet solium Persarum more tyranni
  improbus at nulli conspiciendus Amor.

E. D. S.

LIX

CARPE DIEM

Iam nos verna monent ineptiarum
fructum tempora carpere innocentem
iam nos corripiet senecta, iam mors,
quam sit libera vita vix scientes.
est vitae spatium breve atque lumen
nostrum deficit atque solis aeque.
aurae particulam umidamque guttam
elapsam semel arte quis reducet?
nos facti semel umbra, nilque vana
praeter carmina fabulamque, apud nos
omnes delicias cupidinesque
nocte perpetua prememus una.
ergo, tempora dum vocant venusta,
dum tabe afficimur cotidiana,
mecum lude, Corinna, lude mecum.

A. S. W.

LX

Behind her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A-hunting Chloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanced to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid,
And "Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn," he said,
"The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake."
Loud Cupid laugh'd to see the god's mistake,
And laughing cried, "Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Maeander's bank or Latmus' peak;
But in this nymph my friend, my sister know;
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
Fair Thames she haunts and every neighb'ring grove,
Sacred to soft recess and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia hurl thy pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
I and my Chloe take a nobler aim;
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game."

Prior.

LXI

Let foul or fair my mistress be,
Or low or tall, she pleaseth me.
Or let her walk or stand or sit,
The posture hers, I'm pleased with it.

Or let her tongue be still or stir,
Graceful is everything from her;
Or let her grant or else deny,
My love will fit each history.

Herrick.

LX

Post collum religata comas errabat eburna
  venatrix pharetra conspicienda Chloe.
hanc inter silvas dubiam miratus Apollo:
  "huc age," conclamat "Cynthia, cara soror!
quam petis haec celant damam fruticeta fugacem."
  decepto risit numine laetus Amor.
et leviter ridens: "frustra divinus et augur,
  disce tuos melius noscere, disce meos.
Maeandri ad ripam procul aut in vertice Latmi,
  quaere—mihi liceat te monuisse—tuam.
hanc mihi consortem, mihi fidam agnosce sororem;
  haec tela, haec arcus tendit amica meos:
haec Tamesim pulchrum et Tamesinos nympha recessus
  otia suadentes deliciasque colit.
i nunc, imbelles tuque et tua Cynthia cervas
  cuspide, setosae figite pellis apros:
nobiliora Chloe mecum: mortalia corda
  nostra nec incerto fine sagitta petit."

W. C. G.

LXI

Sit domina eximia specie, sit corpore turpi,
  sit procera licet, sit brevis, una placet.
una placet, seu ferre pedem, seu sistere malit,
  seu sedeat, quemvis eligat ipsa modum.—
lingua neget vocem, seu voces garrula nectet,
  nempe suum quicquid iusserit esse, decet:
accipiat mea vota volens, vel saeva recuset,
  alterutram sortem noster obibit amor.

E. D. S.

LXII

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE

Our life is carried with too strong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years;
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride;
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, "Thou art mine heir,"
That man extends life's natural brevity;
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

Cowley.

LXIII

A HYMNE TO THE LARES

It was and still my care is
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley
And garlick chives not scarcely;
For favours here to warm me,
And not by fire to harm me:
For gladding so my hearth here
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the wassaile bowl here
With north-down ale doth trowl here,
No syllable doth fall here
To mar the mirth at all here.
For which, whene'er I am able
To keep a country-table,
Great be my fare or small cheer,
I 'le eat and drink up all here.

Herrick.

LXII

AD VARUM

Aestuat fluctu nimium potente
vita quae nobis datur ; in dolosa
nube sublimes quod erit per omne il-
labimur aevum.

nulla non alata dies procellis
fertur effusis ; nisi traditurus
lampada aetatis stadium quis unquam,
Vare, cucurrit ?

qui tamen cursum placidus peractum
respicit, qui iam propiore viso
fine securus, "mihi sit superstes
gloria," dixit,

hic sibi fatis breve destinatum
ampliat vitae spatium ; vel uno
sole sic demum, moriture, totum
Nestora vives.

S. A.

LXIII

CIRCUM RENIDENTES LARES

Est curae mihi vos, Lares, fuitque
et placare apio virente et alli
spicis innumeris piare, quod me
grato calfacitis tepore, et idem
dira non sinitis perire flamma.
focum quod mihi gaudio innocenti
delectatis, ubique Formianum
propinare libet, nihil loquuntur
quo convivia tristiora fiant.
quare sicubi rus dapes parabit
seu viles mihi sive lautiores,
mensis quicquid adest edam bibamque.

W. H. D. R.

LXIV

TO SIR CLIPSBY CREW

Here we securely live, and eat
The cream of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do divine,
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full, we charm; then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantic Thyrse:
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout,
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung or said,
A goblet, to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
Around
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live, and spend the hours
In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day
To stay
The longer here.

—Come then, brave Knight, and see the cell
Wherein I dwell;
And my enchantments too;
Which love and noble freedom is:—
And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come; or be so kind
To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few:—
And I shall think I have the heart
Or part
Of Clipsby Crew.

Herrick.

LXIV

QUIBUS ADVOCARIS GAUDIIS

Mensis fruentes hic Saliaribus
cura soluti vivimus, et focos
semper renidentes fovemus,
sortibus et numeris vacantes,
lymphata sic mens, sic monet Evius:
inde ominamur quod libet uvidi,
thyrsique dementis patronum
quem peperit Teos, advocamus
plausumque poti tollimus, et modos
laudamus: unus mox recitat melos,
cantare seu mavult Horati,
pocula dein socii coronant
spumante Baccho, ne lyrici viro
desint honores: sic bene vivitur
cum flore cum vino, iocosum
sic hilares remoramur annum,
mensemque et instantem extrahimus diem.
visenda cella est, flos equitum, tibi,
qua vera Libertas, et arta
compede Amor magus obtinebit.
succinctus adsis, vel numeros breves
laeto remittas pectore, sic mero
vel cor sodalis, vel beatae
partem animae rear interesse.

E. D. S.

LXV

ADAM'S VISION OF THE LAZAR HOUSE

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace.

Milton.

LXVI

EPITAPH ON KING CHARLES II.

Here lies our mutton-eating king
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one.

Rochester.

LXV

O GENUS INFELIX HUMANUM

Tam miseranda tuens quis fletu saxeus ora
non riget? ille adeo quamvis non stirpe creatus
feminea, luctu paulum devictus honesto
solvitur in lacrimas, donec mens illa virilis
continuit rediens fletus, nimiumque dolori
indulsisse pudet: vix tandem voce recepta
integrat gemitus, maestisque ita vocibus infit.
"heu miseros homines, tanto vos dedecore ergo
cernimus abiectos, tam saeva in fata repostos!
at satius fuerat sic sub tellure latentes
occidere ante ortum, superas nec vadere ad auras.
vel cur vita data est, tanto extorquenda dolore,
immo imposta magis quamvis nolentibus ultro?
quod si quale foret possent cognoscere munus
aut nunquam acciperent aut mox deponere vellent,
impune in longam haud segnes discedere noctem."

M. S. D.

LXVI

MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIUS

Carnis rex iacet hic vorax ovinae:
non fides fuit asse pluris uno:
nil unquam ille locutus inficetum,
semper omnia fecit inficete.

R. Y. T.

LXVII

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA

I dreamt the Roses one time went
To meet and sit in Parliament:
The place for these, and for the rest
Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast:
Over the which a State* was drawne
Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web lawne;
Then in that Parly, all those powers
Voted the Rose, the Queen of flowers;
But so, as that her self should be
The maide of Honour unto thee.

* Canopy.

Herrick.

LXVIII

TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK YOUTH

Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphere,
On this sick youth work your enchantments here:
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and awhile him keep
Lost in the civil Wildernesse of sleep:
That done, then let him, dispossest of paine,
Like to a slumb'ring Bride, awake againe.

Herrick.

LXIX

FLY ME NOT!

Fly me not, though I be gray,
Lady, this I know you'll say,
Better look the roses red
When with white commingled.
Black your hairs are; mine are white;
This begets the more delight,
When things meet most opposite;
As in pictures we descry
Venus standing Vulcan by.

Herrick.

LXVII

FLORUM CONCILIUM

In somnis mihi nuper advocatae
visae in concilio rosae sedere.
quis est curia ceteraeque florum
pectus lacteolum tuum cohorti.
tum conopea delicata supra
vincunt vel laqueos aranearum ;
fit consessus ibi, rosamque florum
reginam unanimus creat senatus,
at sic ut tibi serviat ministra.

E. D. S.

LXVIII

SOMNE VENI !

Carmina quae caelo Lunae deducitis orbem,
huic iuveni mira ferte levamen ope,
aegroti sensus numeris vincite ; dolores
sistite, vi medica triste fugate malum.
leniter huc rores date leniter, ut breve tempus
erret ubi Morpheus mitia tesca colit ;
sic pellendus erit dolor improbus : inde soporem
exuat, ut tepido nupta levata toro.

E. D. S.

LXIX

FUGE SUSPICARI

Ne senescentem fuge me, Perilla,
teste te candens rosa nonne rubrae
convenit ? crinis niger iste, nobis
tempora canent.
dispares si res coeunt, voluptas
nascitur maior, velut in tabellis
vidimus furvo Venerem decoram ad-
stare marito.

E. D. S.

LXX

THE GOLDEN AGE

Happy that first white age! when we
Lived by the earth's mere charity:
No soft luxurious diet then
Had effeminated men;
No other meat or wine had any,
Than the coarse mast or simple honey;
And by the parents' care laid up
Cheap berries did the children sup.
No pompous wear was in those days
Of gummy silks or scarlet baise.
Their beds were on some flowery brink,
And clear spring water was their drink.
The shady pine in the sun's heat
Was their cool and known retreat,
For then 'twas not cut down, but stood
The youth and glory of the wood.
The daring sailor with his slaves
Then had not cut the swelling waves,
Nor for desire of foreign store
Seen any but his native shore.
No stirring drum had scared that age,
Nor the shrill trumpet's active rage;
Nor wounds by bitter hatred made
With warm blood soiled the shining blade.

H. Vaughan.

LXXI

To John I owed great obligation;
  But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
  Sure John and I are more than quit.

Prior.

LXX

SATURNIA REGNA

Illa quidem felix aetas et candida, nobis
  cum facilem victum sufficiebat humus,
necdum luxuries et rerum mollior usus
  duritiem poterat dedocuisse viros;
at rigidae glandes et inempti copia mellis
  nulli non eadem vina cibosque dabant,
et quas seposuit natis pia cura parentum,
  non nisi de baccis caena sine arte fuit.
nec, quas indueret sibi lauta Superbia laenas,
  tinxit purpureus Serica texta color.
inter odoratos sunt strata cubilia flores,
  fonsque sitim pura rite levabat aqua.
si caluit Phoebus, notos petiere recessus,
  qua tenebras fessis pinus opaca dedit,
pinus opaca, fera nondum violata securi,
  dulce decus nemoris primitiaeque sui.
nec didicit raucis inimicum fluctibus audax
  navita cum famulis transiluisse fretum,
nec puer externas ardens invisere terras
  a patrio solvit litore vela ratis.
tympana non illas gentes ad prima ciebant
  bella, nec argutae funebris ira tubae;
non inimicitiae miscebant vulnera, necdum
  intepuit fulgens hasta cruore virum.

A. C. A.

LXXI

Munera mille meo referebam accepta Mathoni;
  est ita: sed doni gratia tota perit,
nam sua vulgavit totam benefacta per Urbem;
  debita persolvi satque superque, Matho.

F. St. J. T.

LXXII

ON TIME

Time wasteth yeeres, and months, and howr's:
Time doth consume fame, honour, witt, and strength:
Time kills the greenest herbes, and sweetest flowr's:
Time wears out youth and beauties looks at length:
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing els but Love, which hath no end.

Time maketh ev'ry tree to die and rott:
Time turneth ofte our pleasures into paine:
Time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott:
Time cleares the skie, which first hung full of rayne,
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But onely this, which sets my heart on fire.

Time turneth into naught each princely state,
Time brings a fludd from newe resolved snowe:
Time calms the sea, where tempest was of late,
Time eats whate'er the moone can see below:
And yet no time prevailes in my behoofe,
Nor any time can make me cease to love.

T. Watson.

LXXIII

MEMORY

Thus the ideas, as well as children, of our youth often die before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching: where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away.

Locke.

LXXII

TEMPUS EDAX

Tempus edax annos minuit mensesque diesque:
vim decus ingenium nomina clara terit:
urit odoriferos flores herbamque virentem:
est tandem veneres, est iuvenile decus.
tempus humo mixtos hostes componit amicis:
cuncta rapit: dempto fine vigescit amor.
tempore victa arbos exeso robore marcet:
tempore, quae quondam grata fuere, dolent.
tempore bella animo cedunt, iniuria cedit,
tergentur pluviis nubila feta polo,
quot cupiunt homines, haec conterit omnia tempus:
at mea qui torret pectora, restat amor.
excidio tempus regales proruit urbes,
hoc tumidas liquida de nive cogit aquas,
hoc pacat pelagus nuper bacchante procella,
hoc peredit, quidquid luna superne videt.
cur mihi quaerenti dat opem fuga nulla dierum?
cur superest, nullo tempore victus, amor?

J. C. M.

LXXIII

MNEMOSYNE

Plurima sic mentis species, mihi si qua iuventa
grata fuit dulci, mox instar prolis obivit
incolumi genitore; simillimaque ipsa videtur
mens excepturo nostri caput omne sepulcro.
stent lapides Parii, stent aera perennia; voces,
quas scalpsit pietas haud immemor, oblinet instans
annorum series, fugaque innumerabilis aevi.

H. C.

LXXIV

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Those who love's dear deluding pains have known
May in my fatal stories read their own:
Those who have lived from all its torments free
May find the thing they never felt, from me;
Perhaps, advised, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warned by my example, shun my fate.
Whole, with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again. Oh, would it not be best
To chase the fatal passion from our breast?
But since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such happy stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment doth his choice approve.

Walsh.

LXXV

MORAL IMPROVEMENT

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

LXXIV

I, liber, ut vera pateat sub imagine cunctis
  effigies animi quem ferus urit Amor;
quem puer hic fallax dulci percusserit arcu
  versibus in nostris et sua fata legat.
is quoque qui tantis caruit cruciatibus adsit,
  discat ut ignoti me duce signa mali.
forsitan illecebras vitet bene providus hami,
  sic prosint illi cognita nostra mala.
integer et laetus, tutaque receptus harena,
  conspicio nuper quis agitabar aquas.
miscet amor lites amplexibus, oscula rixis,
  fraude fidem, bello foedera, pace metus.
"ergo depellatur Amor." sed rarus, amore
  qui liber poterit vivere, rarus homo est.
felix qui Venerem tam dextris incohat astris
  ut temere inceptum mox ratione probet.

W. R. I.

LXXV

SVRSVM CORDA

Irritus offusas oculis dispergere nubes
viribus Herculeis luctaberis; ille tamen te
mons procul expediet; iam contemplator, easdem
despicies; ratione fere hac vitium exuet omne
vir bonus et sapiens; qui detrectabit, ut impar,
in campo vitiis obstare, at templa secutus
edita virtutis ridebit fortior hostem.

R. W. W.

LXXVI

BEYOND THE VEIL

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shown them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death; the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

LXXVI

LARGIOR HIC CAMPOS AETHER ET LUMINE VESTIT PURPUREO

Discessere omnes, ubi copia lucis abundat;
  en! ego terrarum solus in orbe moror;
a! quales fuerint, memori dum mente recordor,
  lux abigit curas, tristitiamqne fugat;
pectora cum velant nubes, scintillat et ardet;
  sic piceum illustrant sidera mille nemus,
sic collem Hesperium radiis exilibus ornat
  occidua postquam sol iuga condit aqua.
ecce! incedentes video, quos purior ambit
  aura; meos splendor proterit ille dies:
qualis enim mea lux! ferrugine mersa maligna
  vix sublustre iacit iam peritura iubar.
o spes sanctorum, quos nil sibi grande petentes
  ex imis caeli tollit in astra Deus,
vos mihi quas colitis sedes ostenditis, ut sic
  frigidus et nostro corde calescat amor.
salve cara mihi mors, et formosa, piorum
  gloria; nox radiis convenit una tuis.
post cineres quam magna homines miracula rerum,
  cernere si possent ulteriora, manent!
scilicet aspectu primo, num fugerit ales,
  cui domus in ramo est forte reperta, liquet:
hoc tamen ignoras, quam dulci vallis in umbra,
  quo nemore, argutos integret ille modos;
sed velut aerios fas exaudire ministros
  somnia cum mentem splendidiora movent,
sic mens insolito nitens sublimior ausu
  est ubi per rimas lucida templa videt.
si quando obscuro premeretur stella sepulcro,
  capta nigro radios carcere flamma daret;
qui tamen inclusit tenebris, ubi solverit idem,
  ardebit toto libera facta polo.

O Father of eternal life, and all
    Created glories under Thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
        Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
    My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
        Where I shall need no glass.

H. Vaughan.

LXXVII

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR

Only a little more
    I have to write,
    Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night.
'Tis but a flying minute
    That I must stay
    Or linger in it,
And then I must away.
O Time that cut'st down all
    And scarce leav'st here
    Memorial
Of any men that were:
How many be forgot
    In vaults beneath:
    And piece-meal rot
Without a fame in death?
Behold this living stone
    I rear for me,
    Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.
Pillars let some set up
    If so they please;
    Here is my hope,
And my pyramides.

Herrick.

o pater, aeternae qui praestas munera vitae,
  omnia quo lucem dante creata vigent,
spiritus ille tuus fac in sua iura revertat
  indocilis rerum ferrea vincla pati;
nubila vel purga, quae praetereuntia foedant
  quod vultus instar debuit esse tui,
in iuga vel supra nebulas—iuga proxima caelo—
  erige, qua speculi nullius usus erit.

E. D. S.

LXXVII

MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIUS

Pauca mihi peraranda manent; tum carmine dicam,
    deficiente "vale."
iam breve momentum; mox venerit hora, morantem
    quae cita corripiet.
Tempus, cuncta ruis: post te vix ulla priorum
    stant monumenta virum;
quot fama vacuos, quot putrescentia leto
    corpora celat humus!
en vivum lapidem, quem tu nunquam, invida, possis
    debilitare, dies!
moles aedificent alii; mihi carmina praestant
    spem, mihi pyramides.

W. H.

LXXVIII

If weeping eyes could wash away
Those ills they mourn for night and day,
Then glad I to cure my fears
With my best jewels would buy tears.
But, as dew feeds the growing corn,
So crosses that are grown forlorn
Increase with grief, tears make tears way,
And cares kept up keep cares in pay.
That wretch whom Fortune finds to fear
And melting still into a tear,
She strikes more boldly; but a face
Silent and dry doth her amaze.
Then leave thy tears, and tedious tale
Of what thou dost misfortunes call:
What thou by weeping think'st to ease,
Doth by thy passion but increase.
Hard things to soft will never yield,
'Tis the dry eye that wins the field;
A noble patience quells the spite
Of Fortune, and disarms her quite.

H. Vaughan.

LXXIX

TO SAPPHO

Sappho, I will chuse to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endless ice and endless snow;
Rather than I once would see
But a winter's face in thee,—
To benumb my hopes and me.

Herrick,

LXXVIII

AUFER ABHINC LACRIMAS, BALATRO, ET COMPESCE QUERELLAS

Si tristes oculi modo
  quae flent nocte dieque eluerent mala,
vel gemmas Arabum darem,
  si turbata metu corda resolverent.
sed ceu rore tumet seges,
  sic fotae subeunt sollicitudines,
sic fletus lacrimas alit,
  et curae studio cura renascitur.
quem Fortuna notaverit
  effusum in lacrimas, et miseras preces,
illum audacius occupat,
  sed victa ad rigidas Diva genas stupet.
ergo comprime naeniam,
  et tu parce queri quae perhibes mala ;
an flendo haec abigi putes ?
  indulgens lacrimis aspera duplicas.
nil plus luminibus valet
  siccis : dura nefas cedere mollibus :
Fortunam domuit trucem
  et tela abripuit qui didicit pati.

W. H.

LXXIX

Ire plagas malim, qua spirant flamina Cauri
    perpetuam glaciem perpetuamque nivem,
quam semel hiberno vultu te cernere, Sappho,
    ne me spesque meas ista perurat hiemps.

E. D. S.

LXXX

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, SIR E. P. KNIGHT

Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or Poe,
  And gently 'mong their violets throw
Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
  Enchantments can charme griefe or care.
Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
  The ruined capitoll shall view
And statues, a disordered heape; you can
  Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish youre owne thoughts. Goe travaile where
  Another Sun and starres appeare,
And land not touched by any covetous fleet,
  And yet even there youre selfe youle meete.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
  New toyes for a fantastique mind;
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
  By her aeriall quires doth sing
As sweetly to you, as if you were laid
  Under the learned Thessalian shade.

W. Habington.

LXXXI

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
    Why do ye fall so fast?
    Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
    To blush and gently smile,
        And go at last.
What were ye born to be
    An hour or half's delight,
    And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
    Merely to show your worth,
        And lose you quite.
But you are lovely leaves, where we
    May read how soon things have
    Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
    Like you, awhile, they glide
        Into the grave.

Herrick.

LXXX

PATRIAE QUIS EXSUL SE QUOQUE FUGIT?

Quaere susurrantes Arnus qua defluit umbras
  aut Padus: hic fessus requiescas
molliter in violis: an tanta levamina curas,
  an poterunt mulcere dolorem?
cura vagos premit usque comes. Capitolia si quis
  viderit, ingentesque ruinas,
et statuas, stragem infandam, non ulla malorum
  sufficiet medicina petenti,
non animo pellet curas; i, sidera quaeras
  diverso mutata sub axe,
si qua avidae classis vitat commercia tellus,—
  occurres tibi conscius ipsi.
quin te siste: novas dum fingit sedulus exsul
  menti delicias male sanae,
vera sagax bona carpe domi; fuge gaudia vana;
  aeriis concentibus hic ver
cessanti carmen fundet tibi dulcius ac si
  Pieria meditere sub umbra.

W. H.

LXXXI

NIMIUM BREVES FLORES

Horti pignora fertilis,
cur tam laetus honor tam cito decidit?
  vobis alma breves adhuc
concessere moras tempora: quid vetat
  subridere, rubescere,
tum demum positis risibus, emori?
  quid? vos rite ego dixerim
horae delicias nascier unius,
  vix horae esse superstites,
sic dixisse Vale? fare age nobile
  cur, Natura, creaveris,
monstratum simul ut praeriperes decus.
  formosissima germina,
vestris, si volumus, fas legere in comis,
  lapsu quam celeri omnia
quamvis pulchra cadant: namque ubi fulserint
  istam induta superbiam,
paulatim in cineres haec quoque defluunt.

E. D. S.

LXXXII

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE!

Then, while fates suffer, live thou free,
As is that air that circles thee;
And crown thy temples too; and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut thy barns with sheafs of wheat.
  Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them:
No sound recalls the hours once fled,
Or roses, being witheréd;
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a dew, or melted frost.
  Then live we mirthful while we should,
And turn the iron age to gold;
Let's feast and frolic, sing and play,
And thus less last than live our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last;
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well;
And that we'll do, as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn,
From whence there's never a return.

Herrick.

LXXXIII

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

I sent for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
  That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
  And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
  And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
  I died last night of my physician.

Prior.

LXXXII
CARPE DIEM

Tu dum fata sinunt, age libertate fruaris,
flamina neu te sint liberiora, cave.
cinge caput sertis, dum pro te vilicus implet
horrea sudando messibus ampla tuis.
scilicet, amnis uti, rapido pede labitur aetas,
et secum prona nos quoque volvit aqua.
praeteritas non est horas revocare querellis,
nec redit arenti forma colorque rosae.
ut pereunt rores, ut tactae sole pruinae,
gratia sic hominum non reditura fugit.
ferrea quocirca fugiant sine, et aurea fiant
saecula: deliciis lux iubet ipsa frui.
quod restat, dapibus citharaeque iocisque vacandum:
vivere enim praestat, non numerare dies.
non etenim vivit, qui tantum durat in horas,
dum tristem obducit cura molesta polum.
septem annos durasse parum est: nam plus sibi, vitae
dimidiam partem qui bene vixit, habet.
hoc agere in promptu est, quibus illud constet, eundum
post aliquot certe tempora Ditis iter;
qua cineres una misti condentur in urna,
unde graves Parcae posse redire negant.

E. D. S.

LXXXIII
REMEDIA TOTIENS INVENIT NOBIS DEUS PEIORA PERICULIS

Arcesso Hippocratem morbo concussus acuto;
damnant Paeonii cetera turba dei:
ille manu venam temptat: sumenda iubetur
pilula, iamque fere convaliturus eram.
at quum blaesa dicax feriebat verba palato,
et caluit rerum lingua perita mero.
quem praestabat heri lux et medicina valentem,
hesterna morti nocte dedit medicus.

E. D. S.

LXXXIV

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise:
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

Dryden.

LXXXV

DORINDA

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.
Love is a calmer, gentler joy:
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
Who runs his link full in your face.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

LXXXIV

ALEXANDRI CONVIVIUM

Mentem tyranni dicta movent levem:
iam bella iactat plus vice simplici,
    hostesque victos ter revincens
        stravit humi pepulitque pulsos.
iras magister gliscere sentiens,
flagrare vultum et lumina, corripit;
    divosque temnentem virosque
        lenit agens; teneroque plectro
mollem camenam sollicitat, pio
maerore plenam: te canit, optime
    Daree regum, te peremptum
        sorte mala nimium; excidisti,
heu excidisti culmine regio;
iaces cruentus, diffugientibus,
    quos ipse pavisti; neque hospes
        lumina compositurus adstat.

F. W. C.

LXXXV

DORINDA

Acre micat, Dorinda, lepor tuus, igne coruscant
    lumina, sed nimias spargis utrinque faces.
altius exsiliunt flammae, citiusque recedunt,
    praestringunt oculos, corde dolente parum.
mitior ales Amor, sinceraque gaudia praestat,
    molliter incedit, fronsque serena nitet.
natus at in triviis puer improbus, iste Cupido
    adversi taedam trudit in ora proci.

E. D. S.

LXXXVI

A LAST REQUEST

The lily will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure:
The rose, the violet, one day
Sees both these lady-flowers decay,
And you must fade as well as they.
And it may chance that love may turn,
And like to mine, make your heart burn,
And weep to see 't; yet this thing do,
That my last vow commends to you,
When you shall see that I am dead,
For pity let a tear be shed,
And with your mantle o'er me cast,
Give my cold lips a kiss at last;
If twice you kiss, you need not fear
That I shall stir or live more here.
Next hollow out a tomb to cover
Me—me, the most despisèd lover;
And write thereon, *This, reader, know:*
Love kill'd this man. No more, but so.

Herrick.

LXXXVII

EPIGRAM

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It costs thee more in whips, than hay.

Prior.

LXXXVI

EXTREMAM HANC ORO VENIAM

Lilio florere diu negatur ;
candor excedit nivibus : caduca,
sint licet molles, violae rosaeque
gratia marcet.
tuque par, virgo, violis rosisque
concides : et forsan Amor vicissim
te petet versis iaculis, tuumque
denique pectus
ardor invadet meus, et pigebit
te mei luctus :—tamen o facessas
hoc quod extremum rogito, simulque
morte peremptum
videris, corpus miserare tandem,
et superiecta tua labra palla
admove labris gelidis : rigentur
fletibus ora.
non metus, si bis placet osculari,
membra ne priscum renovent vigorem :
meque me tellure cava reponens
ipsa sacrato
tam diu spretum : simul adde carmen,
'stravit, ut discas, iuvenem, viator,
hunc Amor leto' ; neque plura tristi
scalpe sepulcro.

E. D. S.

LXXXVII

Confectos macie gaudens impellere mannos
tam cito Flaminia, tam violenter agis,
sollicitum audivi pluris constare flagella
quam faenum miseris Automedonta queri.

F. St. J. T.

LXXXVIII

Each evening I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run:
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour and renews his powers:
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
Rises and sets returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds:
They now dilate and now contract their force:
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ouze
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
Tho' sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
The whole still runs with equal force the same;
Still other waves supply the rising urns:
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
Why then must man obey the sad decree
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

Prior.

LXXXIX

HOW PANSIES OR HEARTS-EASE CAME FIRST

Frolic virgins once these were
Over-loving, living here;
Being here their ends denied
Ran for sweet-hearts mad, and died.
Love in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them hearts-ease turn'd to flow'rs.

Herrick.

LXXXVIII

Vespere conspicio solem redeunte caducum
    aequor in Oceani praecipitare iubar.
paucae praetereant horae; mox ille novatis
    viribus et flamma fortior inde redit;
decursum repetit spatium: sic mutat eadem
    perpetuas oriens luce cadensque vices.
ventorum varia est rabies, mutabilis ira;
    quos ordo nullus, tempora nulla regunt.
intendunt modo vim, modo flamina lenta relaxant;
    nunc cita, nunc segnis, sed sine fine fuga est.
rivulus e scatebris primique ab origine fontis
    ad mare delapsa volvitur amnis aqua:
deficiant quamvis guttae, repleantve tumentem,
    non intermissum strenuus urget iter:
semper abundanti nova copia sufficit urnae,
    nec caret aeterna mobile flumen aqua.
cur homines igitur legi paremus iniquae
    qua sol qua ventus qua maris unda caret?

W. C. G.

LXXXIX

Qui tibi sunt flores, olim vixere puellae,
    quas acri stimulo ludere iussit amor;
et quoniam votis nolebant cedere Parcae,
    quaeque furens obiit, quod sibi deesset amans.
tum flentes miseratus amor, miseratus acerba
    prima iuventutis tempora carpta nece,
esse iubet flores: sic turbida corda levantur:—
    haec merces vitae pace carentis erat.

E. D. S.

XC

"THEN WHOSE SHALL THOSE THINGS BE?"

O Richard! till that day appears
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would fortune calm her present rage
And give us playthings for our age:
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she in friendship, peace, and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both in this condition
Have conquered love and worse ambition:
Then, Richard, then we should sit down
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or should we mix our friendly talk
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which my own hand had whilom planted—
Both pleased with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, even then, our own reflection
Would spoil thy grove and my collection:
My son, and his, ere that may die,
And time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done;
Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain
Except the box that threw the main?

Prior.

XC

ABSUMET HERES

Albi, dum veniet dies
qui meta est studiis meta timoribus,
quid si Fors, rabie truci
sedata, senibus donet idoneos
lusus? quid Lachesis manus
si iam lacte lavet, filaque sericis
fibris texat et aureis?
si pax atque fides almaque faustitas
nos iam claudere iusserint
lustrum sedecies, si Venerem malam
peioremque cupidinem
vanae di dederint vincere gloriae?
tum nos nonne iuvet procul
urbanos strepitus linquere et hanc meam
sedem visere amabilem,
librosque et tabulas aesque Corinthium?
aut sub frondibus arborum,
quas olim manus haec severat, ambules,
mecum colloquio fruens
dulci; nonne hilares simus, ut omnium
votorum bene compotes?
eheu! nec siluae parcet amabili
nec quis glorior artibus
mordax cura, mori filius et nepos
cum possint, et agrestior
heres ista tibi forsitan occupet,
cui solus labor et decus
conturbasse locos quos decoraveris!
num talis male prodigus,
curet quaerere quis severit arbores
caedendas? siluae super
solus phimus erit qui Venerem iacit.

W. R. I.

XCI

HIS RETURN TO LONDON

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the dayspring from the pregnant East,
Ravish't in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, year by year;
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a freeborn Roman; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since called back; henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee!
For, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred reliques burial.

Herrick.

XCII

TO A LADY GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN SPRING

'Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!'

Dryden.

XCI

O QUATER, O QUOTIENS NON EST NUMERARE BEATUM NON INTERDICTA CUI LICET URBE FRUI

Hesperios linquo fines lumenque caducum
  divite Sol oriens e regione trahit.
mens viget aucta, micantque pedes: feror alite passu,
  dum natale solum, limina sancta, peto.
sic, sic felici tango pede moenia, sic me
  auspiciis ditant gaudia mille tuis.
salve! dives opum numen, quod fonte perenni,
  quotquot eunt anni, copia larga beat.
o cives, moresque sacri, quos omnibus oris
  omnibus et populis posse placere reor.
me quoque Roma vocat civem; ni forte negatis,
  ipse sodalitii pars quotacunque ferar.
Londinium domus est, quamvis grave iusserit olim
  hinc procul exsilium sors inimica pati.
nunc tamen eiectum revocas: fac protenus oro
  quod superest, fiam, terra paterna, tuus:
nam prius Hesperios referar quam missus ad oras,
  da mea securum, qua cubet urna, locum.
robora decrescunt mox illapsura sepulcro:
  tu pia reliquiis funera redde piis.

E. D. S.

XCII

AESTATEM INCREPITANS SERAM

Tu ne quaesieris cur steriles nectat adhuc moras
ver, floresque neget: cur avium dulce querentium
cesset carmen iners, dum Boreas mensibus haud suis
bacchatur: fugiens scilicet hinc sustulit invidi
Chloris veris opes quas aliis fata negant locis.
a! quaesita, adeo non miseret te revocantium
virgo, nec fugiens respicies? interea tuus
exspes cor gemitu rumpit inops et moritur puer,
languens tristitia, nonne oculos tam nitidos piget
flamma laedere nec vulneribus ferre suis opem?

H. K.

PART III

XCIII

FROM 'THE HERMIT'

'Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose;
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and beds of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood, to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then pleased and thankful from the porch they go:
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.'

Parnell

XCIII

Χάρις ἄχαρις

Iam sole occiduo declivior hora diei
  procedit glauco tristis amicta sinu.
compositum natura silens pacaverat orbem,
  cum visa est moles regia iuncta viae:
explicat ad lunam se plurima euntibus arbos,
  fronde premens clivos gramineumque latus:
atria forte potens dominus generosa tenebat,
  qui dabat hospitibus tecta, vagisque larem:
utque bonus sic laudis avens; ac visa clienti
  otia luxus iners, sumptus inanis opes.
ventum erat; accincti famulantur utrimque ministri,
  atque erus exstructas excipit ante fores.
luxuriosa dapum mensa adcumulatur acervo,
  et plusquam hospitiis sufficit ampla domus.
tum positi longos somno mersere labores,
  plumaque sopitos sericaque intus habent.
tandem ubi nata dies et prima revenerat Eos,
  aura per euripum crispa movebat aquas.
flabra per areolas serpunt a flore nitentes,
  tum fugit, ut quassa est proxima silva, sopor
consurgunt moniti, lectis discumbitur aulae,
  dat matutinas mensa reposta dapes.
ex auro crater capit haud ignobile gustu
  atque bibunt domino dulce iubente merum.
exin vestibulum gratique hilaresque relinquunt,
  nec nisi ero soli causa doloris erat.
perdiderat cratera: dolo sublata minoris
  hospitis implerat splendida lamna sinum.

R. E.

XCIV

WINTER

Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun,
Faint from the West, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms,—dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men,—the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

Thomson.

XCIV

HIEMPS

Iam capita inclinant silvae canentia et ante
languidus Hesperio quam Sol de limite mittit
triste iubar, terrae hinc illinc pallentis imago
tenditur, et spissae passim nivis obruta mole
vasta micant spatia, humanos obducta labores.
stat nive contectus, lassa cervice iuvencus
impiger, exspectatque operis iustissima tanti
praemia: iam volucres coeunt granaria circum
tempus enim crudele domat, Superisque patronis
munera quantulacunque petunt: caelum una malignum
respiciens, laribus sacrata rubecula, linquit
implicitos inter vepres inamoenaque rura
torpentes socios, hominumque ad limina fidens
annua convertit vestigia: nec tamen omnes
primum exuta metus rostro pulsare fenestram,
inde focis adstare calentibus et sola saltu
percursare levi, ridentiaque ora tueri
stans capite obliquo, micam captare, timorem
fingere, mirarique locum: tum denique plantas
alliciunt teretes mensa proiecta sub ipsa
frusta, metu posito. iam tesca carentia victu
fulvos effundunt cives: lepus ipse timoris
plenus et horrescens instantis imagine leti
sive canes, caecaeque plagae, sive acrior hostis
gens hominum invadit, petit imperterritus hortos,
nam stimulat vesana fames: tanquam omnis adempta
spes foret, immitemque polum glebamque micantem
contemplantur oves, late et balatibus aegris
per niveos squalentem herbam rimantur acervos.

E. D. S.

XCV

IDLENESS

Idleness is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be lost in a storm as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to have within us the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the meanest intellect and the greatest genius. A faculty for doing things remarkably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it. To-morrow is still the fatal time, when all is to be rectified: to-morrow comes; it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow while I lose the reality, unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead. The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it. Thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! In the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals.

Spectator, 1711.

XCVI

WISSENSCHAFT

Einem ist sie die hohe, die himmlische Göttin, dem
Andern
Eine tüchtige Kuh, die ihn mit Butter versorgt.

Schiller.

XCV

IMPROBA SIREN

Lenta quidem pigroque simillima labitur amni
desidia; at rectos eadem valet unica mores
subruere. hac potior mentis robigine versat
te dominus, si delicto vemente tumet cor.
illa etenim suffectus ab omni parte laboras
imbecillus, inops, nullis par rebus agendis.
deprensis quanto magis est metuenda procella
quam quae lenta fame consument otia ponto
haerentes medio? caeco sub corde Catonem
cur geris, inde nihil referens, ignave, Catonis?
scilicet haud aliam mensuram insignis et imi
mors facit: exaequatque ignavia, mortis imago,
vilibus egregias nullo discrimine mentes.
proficies ergo tantum virtute sepulta
quantum congesto qui parcit dives acervo.
at 'cras expergiscar' ais delusus; adest; lux
quae modo cras fuerat retro iam cessit, et umbra
captum te vana rerum res ipsa fefellit!
fas est (quod nescis) solum praesentibus uti
rebus; adhuc nullum est quod nondum vexerit hora,
quodque retro est, periit. non est vitalis habendus
annorum longam seriem qui respicit, at qui
multa tulit fecitque; neque is qui possidet agri
iugera bis totidem, sed cui seges amplior implet
horrea, divitior. nulli quae sola nocere
posset avaritia, hac caeci miserique caremus.

R. W. W.

XCVI

SCIENTIA

Huic Dea celsa venit, colitur caelestis; at illum
vacca bono pinguem munere lactis alit.

W. C. G.

XCVII

TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed,

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

XCVII
HYMNUS AD VESPERAM

O si quid calami si quid harundinis
pastorale melos, Vespera, noverit
demulcere modestas
aures, si neque fortium

murmur, nec Zephyri dulcius occidens
adrepit strepitus, Nympha decens, mihi
adsis ! nonne vides ut
iam sol auricomus petat

sedes Hesperias, qua roseae torum
velant aetherium tegmine pensili
nubes? et tacet aether,
ni qua rauca crepusculi

gens ferrugineis aera remigat
pinnis; vel tacito murmure canthari
vox ignava susurrat,
qui cursu vagus obvio

seram saepe viam ruricolae obsidet,
incautus.—venias, et liquidum melos,
saltus quale nigrantes
leni murmure perfluens

tranquillae nemorum non male discrepet
paci, des citharae, Nympha, loqui meae,
dum, te voce salutans
grata iam reducem, vaco.

en! ut stella faces nuntia pallidas
accendit: monitae prosiliunt simul
Horae, quaeque rosarum in
spissis frondibus excubans

vitavit nimium turba meridiem,
et nexae viridi tempora harundine
Nymphae rore madentem
nocturno recreant humum

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
    Whose walls more awful nod
    By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
    That from the mountain's side,
    Views wild and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
    Thy dewy fingers draw
    The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
    While Summer loves to sport
    Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
    Affrights thy shrinking train
    And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
    Thy gentlest influence own,
    And love thy favourite name!

Collins.

et mitis Charitum deproperat cohors
cursus aerios: tum liceat mihi
inter tesca vagari
densis horrida carduis

qua templi veteris reliquiae iuga
desolata notant, atria qua metus
spirant religiosos
sublustri face candida.

quod si forte pedes imbre coerceat
frigenti Boreas, sit casa, turgidos
amnes unde licebit
sublimi, et procul avios

campos prospicere, et culmina rustici
delubri tacito mersa crepusculo,
dum campana per aures
tinnit murmure simplici,

paullatim et digito nubila roscido
velamenta trahis: dum tamen imbribus
irrorare capillos
spirantes, Dea, gestiet

veris laetus honor, dumque diem trahis
cunctantem ut faciles instituat choros
aestas, sive caducis
Autumnus foliis sinum

pallens adcumulat, sive ululatibus
miscet bruma polum, et semianimes truci
terret voce ministras,
et vestes lacerat ferox;

te Pax, interea et cum Sophia Fides
agnoscent dominam, et mitia perferent
late iussa canentes
sacrae nomina Vesperae.

E. D. S.

XCVIII

OTTER HUNTING

The subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals, his own. Here, huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch :
Quick fix the nets and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction : While the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted hide their heads : Wild tumult reigns
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seized him : down they sink
Together lost : but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See there escaped he flies
Half-drowned, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ooze and blood distained. Again he vents :
Again the crowd attack : his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men, pierced through and through
On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
Wriggling he hangs and grins and bites in vain.

Somerville.

XCIX

REVENGE

Lie on ;—while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

Earl Nugent.

XCVIII

VENATU INVIGILANT

Forsitan et procul hinc, ramis ubi segne vetustis
alnus inumbravit stagnum, fur callidus ille,
castorea de gente, exeso in stipite lectum
texuerit: fluvio hinc dominans pecus omne tuetur
pinnigerum, et ripae longos, sua regna, recessus.
huc age, venator, catulisque sequacibus instans
ad latebras sectare; plagas hinc ponere et illinc
adpropera, tutisque feram penetralibus arce.
exstat aquis, en, ore tenus; simul insilit omnis
turba canum, simul exitium porrecta minantur
spicula, dum tantos velut indignantia motus
stagna tument, condunt se squamea saecla sub ulvam
territa, et ingenti late fremit unda tumultu.
en, iterum exsertat nares; en, arripit audax
dente canis, morsuque tenens submergitur una,
virtutem dolitura suam nisumque ferocem;
namque cruore artus coenoque adspersa palustri
umentem in ripam viden ut vix sospes ab imis
eluctatur aquis? rursus caput exserit ille;
turba petit rursus; cingunt hominesque canesque,
densa cohors, terebrantque artus, et in aera tollunt
transfixum iaculis seque in sua membra plicantem;
ringitur hic pendens morsusque imitatur inanes.

E. M. Y.

XCIX

ULTIO

I mendax;—mihi sat sit ultionis
de te non nisi vera praedicare.

S. A.

C

RULE BRITANNIA *

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
    Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
    And guardian angels sung this strain :
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
    Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,
    Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
    The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
    More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
    Serves but to root thy native oak.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
    Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main ;
    And every shore it circles, thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
    Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
    And manly hearts to guard the fair :
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
    Britons never will be slaves.

Thomson.

* The text is from Tovey's Edition of Thomson, 1897.

CI

THE GIFT

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
    Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
    Expressive of my duty ?

C

Anglia cum primum divinis insula iussis
    caeruleo colles extulit orta mari,
haec data condicio est; natalia carmina terrae
    Nereidum laeti sic cecinere chori:
Anglia, tu fluctus regito, prolemque foveto,
    nunquam servili colla premenda iugo.
procidet ante truces curva cervice tyrannos
    cetera turba tua prosperitate minor;
dum tu victrici florebis libera fama
    inter mirantum iure superba gregem!
bella premant, hostes feriant; augustior inde
    viribus exsurges tu metuenda novis:
ut quercus tua quae radicibus altius haeret
    quanto silvifragis saevius icta notis.
regia te decoret fecundi gloria ruris;
    urbs tibi convectas plurima iactet opes;
aequora navigeri tua sint obnoxia ponti,
    sint tua quot salsis litora cingit aquis.
Pierides, semper cum libertate repertae,
    exquirent oras, insula laeta, tuas;
semper ibi eximio pulchras candore puellas
    defendent validi, pectora fida, viri.
Anglia, tu fluctus regito, prolemque foveto,
    nunquam servili colla premenda iugo.

W. C. G.

CI

ESSE QVID HOC DICAM?

    Lydia, dic, emendos
quam iuvat risus facili saevitia negare,
    quae redeunte dona
largiens anno, doceam quo peream calore?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
    Should I at once deliver—
Say, would the angry fair one prize
    The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
    My rivals give, and let 'em;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
    I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give, but not the full-blown rose,
    Or rosebud, more in fashion;
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
    A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
    Not less sincere than civil;
I'll give thee,—ah! too charming maid,
    I'll give thee—to the d———.

Goldsmith.

CII

MUSIC

The rites derived from ancient days
With thoughtless reverence we praise,
The rites that taught us to combine
The joys of music and of wine;
That bade the feast and song and bowl
O'erfill the saturated soul;
But ne'er the flute or lyre applied
To cheer despair or soften pride;
Nor called them to the gloomy cells
Where Want repines and Vengeance swells;
Where Hate sits musing to betray,
And Murder meditates his prey!
To dens of guilt and shades of care,
Ye sons of melody, repair;
Nor deign the festive dome to cloy
With superfluity of joy.

S. Johnson.

(Free translation of Eur. Medea l. 187.

demne manus? amantem
me tuis tradens oculis, Lydia dura, captum?
si tamen ipsa iniquae
sordeat laurus nihili tantulum erit tropaeum.

litterulis et auro
te petat si quis caleat, me nihil invidente,
talia mille, talis
si iuvat cultus, tribuam, talia cum lucrabor.

non rosa, non adulta
matre quae nostris potior gemma placet puellis,
te doceat quid urar,
flos brevis, qualive iecur torquear igne lento.

perpetui caloris
pignus, illaesaeque fide, non tibi adhuc tributum,
Lydia, dic amanti,
esse quid dicam; teneo; do laqueum puellae.

R. Y. T.

CII

σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων κ.τ.λ.

Ritus avitos religionibus
olim sacratos nos nimium pii
laudamus, antiquumque morem
dulcisonas sociare chordas
Baccho iubentem: scilicet in dapes
et vina musam adsciscimus: at lyra
lenire vel cantu dolorem
quis voluit, calamove claro
mulcere tristis taedia, qua tumet
vindicta, egestas qua gemit, ultio
qua condit implacata fraudem et
ira dolos meditatur atros?
atqui decebat sub sceleris domos
curaeque Musarum ire satellites:
nec tecta quae festis abundant
immodico saturare luxu.

F. W. C.

CIII

THE CONCLUDING LINES OF "THE ROYAL CONVERT," SPOKEN BY ETHELINDA

"Of royal race a British Queen shall rise,
Great, Gracious, Pious, fortunate, and wise:
To distant lands she shall extend her fame,
And leave to latter times a mighty name.
Tyrants shall fall, and faithless kings shall bleed,
And groaning nations by her arms be freed.
But chief this happy land her care shall prove,
And find from her a more than mother's love.
From hostile rage she shall preserve it free,
Safe in the compass of her ambient sea:
Though famed her arms in many a cruel fight,
Yet most in peaceful arts she shall delight,
And *her* chief glory shall be to UNITE.
Picts, Saxons, Angles shall no more be known,
But Britons be the noble name alone.
With joy their ancient hate they shall forego,
While Discord hides her baleful head below:
Mercy, and truth, and right she shall maintain,
And every virtue crowd to grace her reign:
Auspicious Heaven on all her days shall smile,
And with eternal Union bless her British Isle."

Nicholas Rowe.

CIV

A STORM IN AUTUMN

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and still a murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,

CIII
ANNA

Magna, gravis, sapiens, regina Britannica, felix
  et pia, regales exsuperabit avos.
distantes eadem famam producet ad oras,
  nomen honoratum postera secla colent.
infidos sternet reges, pulsoque tyranno
  ius stabile afflictis gentibus aequa dabit.
haec tamen ante alias testabitur insula, curae
  plus quam maternus quid dare possit amor.
arcebitque suis, quodcunque minabitur hostis,
  securas pelago circumeunte plagas.
sed quamvis nil non victricibus arroget armis
  summa tamen placida pace tropaea feret.
pacis erit fautrix : haec ultima gloria regni,
  diversas una lege coire manus.
Saxones, Anglorum pubes, Pictique iacebunt,
  cuique Britannorum nobile nomen erit.
impia Tartareas repetet Discordia sedes,
  et veteres iras conciliabit amor.
iuris amans, verique tenax, clemensque vigebit,
  et Virtus solium quaeque ministra colet.
Britonas aeternum Deus aequo foedere iunget,
  ditabunt longos omina fausta dies.

E. D. S.

CIV
TEMPESTAS

Quinetiam quo saepe labor cadit irritus anni,
vi gravidam cogit tempestatem umidus Auster,
ac primum vix silva tremens agitare cacumen
cernitur, obliquisve horrescere murmur aristis.
mox vero, graviore poli surgente tumultu,
indiviso ingens se flamine colligit aer,
caecus, et effrenis toto violenter ab axe
per convexa ruit caeli terramque sonantem.
continuo nondum maturas discutit horrens
silva comas, imas radices quassa, sed icti
vastata montes fusam e regione procellam
conglomerant, vallique immittitur aestus abundans.

From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
. . . . Sometimes too a burst of rain
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted, in the sordid wave.

Thomson.

CV

FROM THE TRAVELLER

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies,
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high above the storm's career
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

Goldsmith.

CVI

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

Pope.

interdum et piceo prorumpens limite caeli
undique collectum devolvitur agmen aquarum
quocunque adspicias : nec cessat funditus atra
misceri super impendens caliginis umbra.
ingeminant pluviae, donec squalentia circum
prona iacent, oppressa undis sordentibus arva.

C. S.

CV

DUCIT TE SPECIES

Ast ego, felices cui sors mea denegat horas,
dum vagor, et curis dum flos consumitur aevi,
irrequieta traho vestigia ; cogit euntem
fallax usque boni species, luditque videndo.
illa, velut limes terras qui cingit et astra
allicit, elucetque procul, refugitque sequentem.
sic duce fortuna peragro loca devia solus,
nec proprium quidquam toto mihi ridet in orbe.
nunc etiam nudis qua insurgunt Alpibus Alpes
stratus humi lentum fallo inter somnia tempus,
sic temere alta tenens, nimbisque ruentibus infra,
desuper adspicio centum apparentia regna,
stagna urbes silvasque simul camposque patentes,
apta ducum fastu, aut parcis loca cara bubulcis.

C. S.

CVI

Demens ! anne Deus studuit tibi providus uni ?
  deliciis ludo veste ciboque beat ?
qui tua lascivam fovet in convivia cervam,
  illi florigeros straverat almus agros.
anne canit scanditque polum te propter alauda ?
  laeta canit, laetam tendit in astra viam.
te propter numeros acalanthis gutture promit ?
  at suus est, cantus unde moventur, amor.

F. St. J. T.

CVII

FROM THE EPISTLE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain and passion and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers the brave man's latest step to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.

Pope.

CVIII

FROM "THE DAY OF JUDGMENT"

Some wail their fatal birth—First among these
Behold the mighty murderers of mankind:
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tottering pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
Their fatal laurels; when the widowed wife
And childless mother at the judgment-seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them! Here are they
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's sufferings.—Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secured;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dower,
And ate the orphan's bread:—who spent their stores
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold
Prostrate and pale adored the useless heap.

Dr Glynn.

CVII

CELSA TU MENTIS AB ARCE DESPICIS ERRANTES

Te vero, si res qua valet subiecta beatis
sedibus extolli, ut superos mortalia tangant,
mens tua Dis aequat: solium tenet illa, per omnes
inconcussa vices; nunquam dolor iraque, fastusve
aut sceptri rabies, popularisve impetus aurae,
aut lucri sitis, aut flexit Libitina timore.
nequidquam deserta petis: deserta petentem
prosequitur Musa, et tacitas comitatur in umbras.
illa notat quae summa premunt vestigia fortes,
acta iterum pendens, et spretum nomen honestat.
tandem expectantum dum se grex sordidus aufert,
turbaque fautorum et vulgus leve diffluit, ensem
nec refugit strictum, nec limina carceris, adstans
ultimus e sociis donec remorantibus exit.

C. S.

CVIII

CULPAM POENA PREMIT COMES

Pars fatum natale gemunt; quorum adspice primos
milia multa hominum leto qui saepe dederunt,
gaudentes saevo populos exscindere ludo;
quique (nefas) pedibus calcarunt stragis acervos
lubrica dum scandunt cupide fastigia regni.
quanta illos angent nimia mercede paratae
funestae laurus fastidia! iudice coram
cum coniunx viduata viro, cum prole virili
mater adest orbata, ferox intendere litem!
impius hic cano properavit fata parenti;
ille nihil fratris sortem miseratus iniquam
improbus importunus inexorabilis haesit.
hic etiam cernas quos fraus versuta dolique
protexere diu, dum infantem dote puellam
destituunt, orboque audent avertere victum
pupillo; qui solus opes consumpsit, amicis
nil posuit; quique ipse suo porrectus in auro
pallidus incubuit cumuloque inhiavit inani.

W. R. I.

CIX

FROM THE ODE ON ST CECILIA'S DAY

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

"By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs:
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!"

Pope.

CIX

ORPHEUS

Ut iam per imi tristia Tartari
confinia, unda quae Phlegethon ligat
    flammante, deduxit poetam
        robore par amor ipse Morti
ad mortuarum pallida gentium
examina, o quae dissona territant
    audita, quae spectata vatem
        per steriles sine fine tractus!
sublustris horret nox; rubet igneus
ardor: sonat vox nunc ululatibus
    arguta, nunc tristi dolentes
        cum gemitu cruciantur umbrae.
testudinem audin? percutit auream
Orpheus: remissis ecce laboribus
    paulisper incertae per umbram
        ad numeros properant figurae.
stat bruta saxi, Sisyphe, vis tui;
cessat morantis per requiem rotae
    auditor Ixion; choreas
        pallida dum simulacra nectunt.
ferreis recumbunt Eumenides toris,
anguesque circum tempora pensiles
    volumine auscultant soluto.
        "te" cecinit. "per aquae perennem
cursum, per auras semper odoribus
florem novantes Elysium precor;
    per te beatos qui frequentant
        asphodelos et amoena prata
Manes, vel umbris densa amarantinis
virgulta: per te quot tenebris micant
    heroes armati sub imis,
        per iuvenes quot amore mortem
passi pererrant frondiferum nemus,
myrtosque—reddas Eurydicen, precor:
    aut ipse tollatur maritus,
        aut veniat repetita coniunx."

W. C. G.

CX

LIBERTY THE SOURCE OF THE HEROIC VIRTUES AMONG THE ROMANS

Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii died;
And Curtius plunged into the flaming gulf.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firmed,
By dreadful counsel never given before;
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom:
Hence he sustained to dare a death prepared
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentless fixed, he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss:
Then dumb through rows of weeping, wondering friends,
A new illustrious exile! pressed along.

Thomson.

CXI

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS

On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pœas' son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound; alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watch'd, and blamed its lingering flight.
By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave
Drove slumber from his eyes, the chiding wave
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
Hope still was his; in each low breeze that sigh'd
Through his rude grot he heard a coming oar,
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
Of Œta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts famed Trachis from the Euboic shore.

T. Russell.

CX

FORTES CREANTUR FORTIBUS

Egregia hinc virtus est edita. ripa iacentes
hinc Cremerae sensit Fabios, Deciique verendas
proiecere animas. hinc sese immisit equumque
Curtius in barathri flammas: hinc Regulus ausus
non ante audito patres firmare labantes
consilio, patriaeque decus dum quaerit et ipsi
fata sibi, potuit morti se offerre paratae
Poenorumque iris ultricibus. ille virilem
non exorando defixit lumine vultum,
Romanusque nefas! hostilia vincula passus,
uxorem amplexus summos et summa petentem
oscula dimovit, dimovit pignora cara,
attonitasque premens vocem flentesque coronas
et Roma egregius properavit et unicus exsul.

J. C. M.

CXI

PHILOCTETES

Hic, ubi sola latens prudentes insula nautas
deterret scopulosa, decem remeantibus annis
insuetus lacrimarum heros se vulnere laesum
flet Poeantiades. aether quot lumina volvit
ille tot invigilat, tardeque incusat eundi
singula; mergus enim volitans argutus ob antrum
luce vetat dormire, undarum nocte querellae
somnia dispellunt ululantumque ira ferarum.
spem tamen aeger habet: nam seu levis aura pererrat
saxea tecta gemens, putat ille adcurrere remos,
seu candet nubes, adferri carbasa vento;
saepe etiam Oetaearum attenti murmur aquarum
aure capi visum, aut aestus graviora frementis,
quo clara Euboicis Trachin disiungitur oris.

C. W. M.

CXII

FROM 'THE MESSIAH'

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thine eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See, future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See, thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See, heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Pope.

CXIII

LOSS OF FRIENDS

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is severed from the heart;
Till loosened life at last—but breathing clay
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragged lingering on from partial death to death;
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

Thomson.

CXII

MAGNUS AB INTEGRO SAECLORUM NASCITUR ORDO

Luce coronatam Solyme magis erige frontem
  regia : tolle oculos, turrigerumque caput.
en ubi gens ventura, tua de stirpe nepotes
  omnibus e terris atria vasta replent !
undique concurrunt avidi, vitamque fluentem
  fonte tuo poscunt, caelicolumque domos.
en ! ubi barbaricae coeunt ante ostia gentes,
  lux tua quas templum cernit adire tuum,
quaque humiles longo dant ordine vota tyranni,
  splendentes cumulant tura Sabaea focos.
pinguia Idumaeae mittunt tibi munera silvae,
  aureaque Eoo semina monte latent,
transque coruscantes caeli domus intima portas
  fundit abundantem per tua tecta diem.
iam non inficiet primos sol aureus ortus,
  iam non argento Cynthia noctis iter,
at splendore tuas volvet superante per aulas
  lucis diluvies, et sine nube iubar.
sparserit aeternae lucis fons ipse nitorem,
  aeternumque Deus iusserit ire diem.
tabescent maria : in fumum se diluet aether :
  saxa cadent putribus pulverulenta iugis.
stat tamen inconcussa Fides, stat certa Potestas :
  regna tenet finem non habitura Deus.

A. C. A.

CXIII

OMNES COMPOSUI

Pars nostri moritur quotiens moriuntur amici ;
  paulatim cordis vincula rupta cadunt,
donec ab argilla frustra spirante resolvi
  gaudet, et angoris nescia vita fugit.
infelix omnes si quis deflevit amores,
  quem nimis heu serum plaga morata ferit :
qui moritur moriturque iterum, sensimque peremptus
  nil nisi quod spirat perdere morte potest.

W. C. G.

CXIV

TO A YOUNG LADY CURLING HER HAIR

As the gay flowers which Nature yields
  Spontaneous on the vernal fields,
  Delight the fancy more than those
Which gardens trim arrange in equal rows;

So simple dress and native grace
  Will best become thy lovely face!
  For naked Cupid still suspects
In artful ornaments concealed defects.

Cease then with idly cruel care,
  To torture thus the flowing hair;
  Oh cease with tasteless toil to shed
A cloud of scented dust around thy head.

Not Berenice's locks could boast
  A grace like thine, among the host
  Of stars though radiant now they rise
And add new lustre to the spangled skies.

W. Duncombe.

CXV

A LEARNED WOMAN

  In Beauty or Wit
  No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared;
  But men of discerning
  Have thought that in learning
To yield to a woman is hard.
  Impertinent schools
  With dull musty rules
Have reading to females denied;
  So Papists refuse
  The Bible to use
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

Pope.

CXIV

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

Iucundiores verna per aequora
natura flores sponte dedit sua
quam quos suburbanus rosarum
compositos alit hortus antes.
te pura adornet vestis, et o tua
venus venustae sufficiat genae,
cui nudus accedens Cupido
arte monet latuisse culpam.
ergo fluentes desine fingere
crines, coercens nisibus irritis,
o desine indignum laborans
Assyria medicare nardo.
quid vana temptas? non Ptolemaidis
tantum refulsit caesaries, licet
nunc astra mirentur docentem
luce nova trepidare caelum.

A. S. W.

CXV

ΑΓΑΝ ΣΟΦΗ

Forma floscule virginum et lepore,
nemo non tibi adhuc puellularum
adsurgit; tamen elegantiorum
sunt qui in litterulis ferant moleste
femellae tibi cedere eruditos.
quantum est cunque senum severiorum,
aevo scrinia putida adferentes,
doctrinam mulierculis recusant:
sic sunt qui sibi summovent libellos
sacros, ne cito, si legant, magistro
fiant discipuli eruditiores.

R. Y. T.

CXVI

THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was Man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was not life, but rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow;
For, by the Powers Divine, it should no more be so!

Thomson.

CXVII

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill a humbler heaven,
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Pope.

CXVI

TUM GENUS HUMANUM PRIMUM MOLLESCERE COEPIT

Sic adeo instructus silvis excedere pergit
magna movens, fortesque parans molirier orsus.
quodque secutus erat studiis furtimque fovebat
nunc amat expediisse manu, nimis horrida tellus
et rudis in cultus ut cederet. ante patebat
in vastum sine more nemus : non cernere quicquam
concessum praeter caelum et silvestria lustra.
non illis artes viguere per oppida, nullis
mos vitae tranquillus erat : non noscere regna,
non legum blando quibant mansuescere cultu.
aspera parque feris erat, ut non saevior ulla,
illa hominum natura prior, cum fraude pararet
ipsa sibi noxam stirps impacata feroxque,
invalidos vastatum, ut quisque valentior, iret,
regna latro raperet terra metuendus in omni,
inque dolo merces foret et violentia lucro.
publica per terras cum rapto tristis egestas
obruerat vitam. tum se tum concitus heros
deierat exitio sontes, sine nomine plebem
mersurum : finem venisse modumque furori :
sic ait et divos vocat in sua vota faventes.

R. E.

CXVII

ABNORMIS SAPIENS

Scit rudis ille vagis cognoscere nubibus Indus
    spirat ubi ventus percipit aure Deum.
non iussit Doctrina poli penetrare recessus,
    nescit quid via sit lactea, solis iter.
crassa Minerva tamen post cinctum nube cacumen
    admonuit caelo posse minore frui,
qua medio surgit felicior insula ponto,
    qua latet in silvis tutius hospitium.
non superum pennas poscit, divinior ignis
    non erat in votis : vivere posse sat est ;
stat domino fidum spes adfore sedibus olim
    aetheriis aequa condicione canem.

F. St. J. T.

CXVIII

FROM THE TEMPLE OF FAME

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train; supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he signed the shell:
Here his abode the martyred Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquered Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant composed his throne;
Father of verse, in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears:
In years he seemed, but not impaired by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen;
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragged in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seemed to affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

Pope.

CXIX

A literary lady once asked Dr Johnson for his candid opinion on a recent work of hers, adding that, if it did not meet his approbation, she had other irons in the fire; whereon the great critic, with grim humour, advised her to put the book where her other irons were.

CXVIII

ILLUSTRES ANIMAE

Multa dehinc passis meriti tribuuntur honores,
fama quibus noxaque caret plausuque catervae,
virtutem quae turba colit sequiturque tacendo.
Socratis in primis sapientia dia relucet;
exsul et egregius patriisque expulsus Athenis,
quem semel iniustum scripto sua testa notavit.
necnon Phociades indigna morte peremptus,
gloriaque Oebalii non ultima nominis Agis.
hic reclusa sua monstrat Cato vulnera dextra,
nec iam Caesarea terretur imagine Brutus.
at templo in medio senae sublime columnae
attollunt caput et Famae donaria cingunt,
et loca prima tenent; quarum quae proxima Homerum
sustinet effultum aeternoque adamante sedentem,
carminis auctorem; sacrum caput infula velat,
barba fluit gremio candens; nec lumina flamma
caeca carent, nec hebent annoso in corpore vires.
Troica bella furunt media depicta columna.
hic Cypriam violat Tydides vulnere divam,
hic caeso exsultat victor gaudetque Patroclo
Hector, et hic Troiae raptatur moenia circum.
vis inerat motusque operi, doctamque magistri
ars confessa manum; expressumque viriliter omne
commendabat opus divinae incuria mentis.

F. W. C.

CXIX

'I NVNC, EDERE ME IUBE LIBELLOS.'

'Legisti modo quem misi tibi, Tarpa, libellum?
  non nullas veneres hic, nisi fallor, habet.'
cui salsum ridens, 'Veneris tu, docta, marito
  has veneres Tarpa iudice iure dabis.'

R. Y. T.

CXX

THE BARD

On a rock, whose haughty brow
  Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
  With haggard eyes the poet stood—

Loose his beard and hoary hair
  Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air—
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire
  Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

'Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
  Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O king, their hundred arms they wave,
  Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.'

Gray.

CXXI

HUMILITY

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas Zephyrs soft should fill
With gentle breath lest ruder gales
Crack the main-yard or burst the sails:
By winds that temperately blow
The barque should pass secure and slow,
Nor scare me leaning on her side:
But smoothly cleave the unruffled tide.

Addison.

CXX

INFELIX VATES

En ! qua minaci fronte superbiens
spumis Conovi praepetis imminet
proiecta rupes, stat dolorem
veste nigra referente, vates

incerta volvens lumina : solvitur
promissa ventis barba furentibus,
canique, ceu tractu per aethram
stella vago, fluitant capilli.

non imperito pollice barbiton
tangens dolores praescius evocat.
'audin? cavernarum recessus
horrisonum reboant ad amnem,

totoque quercus robore mugiunt ;
in te tyrannum bracchia commovent
centena, te rauco reposcunt
murmure, deproperantque poenas ;

nec iam caducae post mala Cambriae
canora vati haec, seu generosior
Hoele, seu blandum sonares,
tu tenero, Lueline, plectro.'

W. C. G.

CXXI

FUGE MAGNA

Fortunam arbitrio fingere si meo
fas sit, quam placidus vela Favonius
pandat, ne laceris non sine carbasis
perfringat notus impotens
antennas ; animae si mare temperent,
acclinis lateri dum careo metu,
lenta cymba via compositos secet
fluctus inviolabilis.

F. St. J. T.

CXXII

CONCLUSION OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime.
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that States, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Goldsmith.

CXXIII

EPITAPH ON A DEBTOR

An arch accountant here is laid,
Who borrow'd, and who never paid.
If he 's in Heaven, I could swear,
That he is upon credit there.

CXXII

ME VERO PRIMUM DULCES ANTE OMNIA MUSAE ACCIPIANT.

Tuque decens virgo, tu quae formosa Poesis,
  gaudia si subeunt deteriora, fugis:
non mulcere animum nec quaerere nomen honestum
  est tibi, tam nobis degener orta dies:
spreta iaces: te plebe habeo praesente pudendam,
  solus at incedens te sine teste colo:
tuque voluptatis mihi fons, tu causa doloris;
  te duce pauper eram; te duce pauper ero;
tu, qua virtutes cunctae fautrice vigescunt,
  omnis et ars praestat nobilis, alma vale!
o dilecta vale! tua vox ubicunque sonabit,
  sive in Hyperboreis, Occiduisve iugis;
seu sonet aeternis ubi sol fervoribus ardet,
  seu procul Arctoam nix ubi velat humum,
voce tua mitescat ibi inclementia torvi,
  tempora dum superas asperiora, poli.
blanda loquens spreto tutelam suffice Vero,
  peccantemque hominem temnere lucra doce;
regna doce tandem quamvis pauperrima summam
  tangere fortunam, robore fulta suo:
splendida mox peritura doce commercia, cedens
  fluctibus ut moles in mare iacta ruit:
dum sibi confidens durat vis integra, caeli
  temnit uti rupes flamina, temnit aquas.

O. A. S.

CXXIII

CAELUM NON ANIMUM

Hoc qui sub tumulo iacet sepultus,
prudentissimus ille debitorum,
nunquam reddidit aera mutuatus.
si nunc arva tenet beata, naulum
ne vivam nisi debeat Charonti.

T. J. B. B.

CXXIV

THE WINTER STORM

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May;
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul;
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil;
Here firm I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want (oh! do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

Burns.

CXXV

EPITAPH ON A REDBREAST

These are not dewdrops; these are tears,
And tears by Sally shed
For absent Robin, who she fears,
With too much cause, is dead.

CXXIV

IMBRES NIVESQUE DEDUCUNT IOVEM

Saevit atrox Zephyrus brumali flamine ; foedis
imbribus et mixta grandine crescit hiemps :
vel procul Arctoo Boreas bacchatus ab axe
improbus adversas urget in ora nives.
deicitur scopulis lutulento vertice torrens,
et ripam fremitus inter utramque ciet ;
lustra tegunt sua quamque feras, sua quamque volucres,
ingratum questas lentius ire diem.

nubibus obductum caelum,—fera flamina venti,—
qui vetat hibernus festa iocosque dies—
haec alii metuant—me saltem iudice praestant
deliciis, Maio quae redeunte vigent.
mulcet enim sensus misero vox rauca procellae ;
scilicet angori consona visa meo ;
nescio quid grati dant silvae fronde carentes ;
fata ferunt fatis non aliena meis.

at, Pater omnipotens, quoniam tibi lege severa
perpetuos luctus me tolerare placet,
stat mihi, quidquid erit, missis perferre querellis ;
optima sors cuique est quae tibi visa fuit.
munera parva peto—tu munera parva petenti
annue—des unum,—non ego plura precor ;
posse frui quoniam, quae tu largire, negasti,
da mihi muneribus posse carere tuis.

A. C. A.

CXXV

PASSER MORTUUS EST MEAE PUELLAE

Sunt lacrimae, quos forte putas splendescere rores ;
inficit his teneras nostra Corinna genas.
ales abest—qui ne sit funere mersus acerbo,
vera nimis, credo, vaticinata, timet.

One morn he came not to her hand,
  As he was wont to come,
And, on her finger perch'd, to stand
  Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarm'd, she call'd him, and perplex'd,
  She sought him, but in vain—
That day he came not, nor the next,
  Nor ever came again.

She therefore raised him here a tomb,
  Though where he fell, or how,
None knows, so secret was his doom,
  Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died
  In social Robin's stead,
Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,
  Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold
  Nor spiritlessly tame;
Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,
  But always in a flame.

Cowper.

CXXVI

A BOTTLE AND A FRIEND

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
  What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
  What his share may be o' care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
  And use them as ye ought, man;—
Believe me, happiness is shy,
  And comes not aye when sought, man.

Burns.

lux oritur—sed non orta cum luce puellae
  assueto repetit more iubente manum,
qua prius, insistens digito, relevare solebat
  mane, dapes mica suppeditante, famem.
absentem vocat acta metu, thalamosque per omnes
  nequicquam, dubio pressa dolore, petit:
absentem non illa dies, non postera, reddit;
  deserit orbatam non rediturus eram.
ergo dat tumuli rapto pia munera, quamquam
  occiderit quali funere, quove loco,
in dubio est—tam caeca tulit violentia fati,
  ignotaque iacet contumulatus humo.
si, grex Alcinoi, iuvenes bis quinque perissent,
  dummodo mors sociam non violasset avem,
vel cito siccasset lacrimas, vel nescia flendi
  risisset nitidis usque Corinna genis.
nam volucri si nulla aderat petulantia nostrae,
  nil servile tamen, nil mediocre fuit:
corda iuventutis torpebant frigore, at illi
  perpetuo vivax igne calebat amor.

A. C. A.

CXXVI

NEC PARCE CADIS TIBI DESTINATIS

Est tibi vini cadus et sodalis,
Grosphe, nec supra rogitare fas est—
cui licet vivo sibi destinatos
    scire dolores?
carpe iucundum fugientis aevi,
si sapis, florem—neque dedecebit—
non enim semper veniet vocanti
    rara voluptas.

E. S.

CXXVII

PARTING

Behold the hour, the boat arrive,
    Thou goest, the darling of my heart;
Severed from thee, can I survive?
    But fate has willed, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
    Yon distant isle will often hail:
E'en here I took the last farewell:
    There latest marked her vanished sail.
Along the solitary shore
    While flitting sea-fowl round me cry
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
    I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
'Happy, thou Indian grove,' I'll say,
    'Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
    O tell me, does she muse on me!'

Burns.

CXXVIII

THE VISION

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
        Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
        Struck thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled Earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
        In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
        With boundless love.

Burns.

CXXVII
DIVELLIMUR INDE

Hora vocat—vocat in portum devecta carina—
ergo, dimidium cordis, abire paras?
a! citius divulsa tuae mea vita periret;
sed vetuit fati vis inimica moram.
saepius huc rediens spumantes adloquar undas,
et quae se mediis insula condit aquis;
"supremas (dicam) voces haec audiit ora—
cedentem ex oculis sustulit illa ratem."
dumque premo solam vacuo pede solus harenam,
et circum mergi, stridula turba, volant,
trans fremitum procul Oceani raucosque tumultus
occiduas aegro corde tuebor aquas:
"Indicaque o, dicam, cunctis felicior umbra,
quo ferat errantes nostra Corinna pedes;
dum latebras subit illa tuas et odora vireta,
an meminit fidi fidus amoris amor?"

H. K.

CXXVIII
COILA LOQUITUR

Vidi te pelagi litus inhospitum
lustrare, et fremitu raucisono frui;
seu quandoque nivali
curru vellera nubium
egit praecipiti trux Aquilo rota
trans caelum, rigidam canitiem Iovis
vidi torva tuentis
te percellere parvolum.
seu rursus viridi cincta ubi pallio
flores innumeros alma teporibus
vernis Terra fovebat,
laeto non sine carmine,
hinc illinc nemorum dulce sonantium,
rerum immensus amor dum calet, omnium
te, vates, animantum
vidi cernere gaudium!

F. St. J. T.

CXXIX

THE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear—
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powdered coat and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark, nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb,
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

Cowper.

CXXX

NATURE'S CHARMS

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

Beattie.

CXXIX

FRONDATOR

En, pagi nil tecta morans iucunda relicti,
tesca petit silvae, durum cui munus ab ortu
solis ad occasum, nullo spectante, bipennem
moliri, et cuneis diffindere robur adactis.
corpore non pingui, sed acutis auribus acer,
decisamque gerens hirsuto a tergore caudam,
huic comes it catulus, nothus an venaticus, anceps,
seu piger ad calcem repit, seu latius errans
cursibus immiscet saltus, vel gestit eburno
spargere dente nives pronove invertere rostro;
tum niveos quatit exsultans latratibus artus.
rusticus interea, canis ille quot implicet artes
nil animadvertens, quo fert via, pergit eodem,
nec sistit gressus, presso nisi pollice quando
dispensare iuvat tenui quae tura canali
naribus indulgent fumos: volat agmine longo
pone vapor, gratisque implentur odoribus aurae.

E. M. Y.

CXXX

FLUMINA AMEM SILVASQUE

Tene relinquere opes quot amat cultoribus ultro
largiri Natura suis,—reboantia longe
litora, vocalesque avium concentibus umbras,
silvarum qui splendet honos, quae gratia cultis,
exoriens Phoebus geniali quidquid inaurat
luce, tuae quidquid voci est resonabile, Vesper,
protegit obtento si quae pater Apenninus
inferiora sinu, si qua formidine tangit
maiestas immensa poli?—num talia Divom
munera linquenti speras ignoscere Divos?

F. St. J. T.

CXXXI

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star!
And waged with fortune an unequal war,
Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave unpitied and unknown!
There are who deaf to mad Ambition's call
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame.
Supremely blest if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace.

Beattie.

CXXXII

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER

The lover in melodious verses
His singular distress rehearses.
Still closing with a rueful cry:
"Was ever such a wretch as I?"
Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress: some haply more.
Unnumbered Corydons complain,
And Strephons of the like disdain.
And, if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel:
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

Cowper.

CXXXI

FALLENTIS SEMITA VITAE

Quis dicet, eheu! quid sit in ardua
delubra Famae scandere, quot viros
virtute sublimes maligni
obruerit grave numen astri?
certamen impar quot male gesserint
cum sorte—tales dira superbia
livorque paupertasque, vinci
quae metuit, domuere—soli
longa dolebant nocte, silentio
urgente—sic tandem immiserabiles
omnes et ignotos sepulcrum
ex oculis sine laude condit.
est qui vocantem spernere noverit
famam, sonoras qui metuat tubas,
bis terque felix, si valenti
otia contigerint opesque.

J. C.

CXXXII

SEMEL INSANIVIMUS OMNES

Vulnera quae fuerit plusquam mortalia passus,
disserit arguto carmine maestus amans.
solvitur in lacrimas sensim languente querella,
"a! quem tristitiae tam grave vexat onus?"
falleris. ista quidem fastidia mille tulerunt,
forsitan et tulerint deteriora proci.
innumeri Corydones idem se ferre queruntur:
innumeros cruciat Thyrsidas iste dolor.
corda gerat ferro magis aspera, surdior Euro,
durior immota sit tibi rupe Chloe,
non tamen haec unam tangit censura puellam,
non unus sana tu ratione cares.

E. D. S.

PART IV.

CXXXIII

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds in the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded with my sweet pipings.
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

Shelley.

CXXXIV

EVENING

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

PART IV.

CXXXIII

PAN CANTAT

Ecce! adest silvis procul et relictis
montibus noster chorus, insulisque,
quas lavunt amnes, ubi nostra mutam
mitigat undam
fistula oblitam furere: ipse ventus
permeans iuncos et harundineta,
quaeque apes libant thyma, quaeque myrtos
incolit imas
ales, et supra tiliae cicada
insidens, herbaque cubans lacerta
non minus sensere meae tacentes
carmen avenae,
quam sacer Tmolus: liquido fluebat
amne Peneus, latebrosa Tempe
condidit seram superante lucem
Pelion umbra,
quam trahit noster calamus: silebant
percitae miro Dryades stupore,
quaeque cum Faunis Satyrisque ludunt
Naides udae,
antra qua stillant laqueata rores,
quaque declivis madet amne ripa,
ut tuam vocem premit audientis
livor, Apollo.

E. D. S.

CXXXIV

DATUR HORA QUIETI

Ecce lacu plano Phoebi prope tingitur orbis,
vox avium in silvis iuque silescit agris,
purpureo montes imbuti vesperis ardent
lumine: cur tantas nectis, Alexi, moras?
nunc, quos pensa diurna solent et mille labores
pellere de laribus, pellere amore procul,
quemque tamen, placido casuri tempore solis,
dilectum fas est ad latus ire suae.

The noble dame, on turret high,
    Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
    The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow
    The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
    For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
    By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
    The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
    Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
    But Leonard tarries long!

Sir W. Scott.

CXXXV

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER

Come hither all sweet maidens soberly,
  Down-looking aye, and with a chasten'd light
  Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see
  Untouch'd a victim of your beauty bright,
  Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewilder'd 'mid the dreary sea:
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;
  Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
  O horrid dream! see how his body dips
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:
He 's gone: up bubbles all his amorous breath!

Keats.

si qua super muri stat culmine nobilis uxor,
  dum victo redeat vir suus hoste domum,
nunc iubar Hesperium lustrat: fore ut armiger illinc
  scilicet adversa luce coruscet eques.
rustica nunc virgo, radii dum tela supini
  praeposita fronti mitigat ipsa manu,
fixa tuetur agros, si iam sibi tramite sueto,
  pastoris notus veste, nigrescat amans.
qui secreta die solus per stagna natarat,
  nunc sociam quaerens remigat acer olor;
nunc tardum flectentis iter de monte sub umbras
  cerva redit cervi vespere facta comes.
adsidet in virga silvestris alauda marito,
  supremos felix pipilat ille modos.
denique conveniunt quot lux et cura removit;
  unus abest: longas nectis, Alexi, moras!

C. W. M.

CXXXV

PRO TUMULO OMNE MARE

Huc accedite, virgines,
  deiectis oculis, unde latens iubar
spissis crinibus emicat,
  et lux pallidula fronte nitet pia.
huc ite ordine amabiles,
  submissaeque manus nectite candidas,
ceu mitis nequeat Venus,
  morti quem decor heu! tradiderat suus,
spectare illacrimabilis,
  et mersam pueri nocte animam vagam,
quae vasto obruitur mari:
  Leandri exitium cernitis arduum.
vix curvantia se labra
  Herus fingit amans languidus in genas,
deceptusque dolo malo
  ridenti moriens ridet imagini.
iam iam corpus iners onus
  undis deprimitur, bracchia adhuc licet
interdumque umeri micent:—
  mersi iam refluit sursus amor scatens.

A. S. W.

CXXXVI

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
  And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
  Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
  And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
  To watch her Love's returning.
All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
  Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
  You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
  Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
  Her maidens thought her dying.
Yet keenest powers to see and hear
  Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
  She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
  She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
  As on the wing to meet him.
He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
  As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
  Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
  Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
  Which told her heart was broken.

Sir W. Scott.

CXXXVI

QUAM LENTIS PENITUS MACEROR IGNIBUS

Quid non audit amans? quid lumina fallit amantis?
  scilicet hanc aciem sensibus addit Amor.
spe quoque deiectos, mortisque instantibus umbris,
  ille valet sero sole iuvare suos.
Anna sit exemplo: thalami quam nuper habebant,
  dum languor sensim debilitatque dolor;
arcis nunc eadem sedet alta in turre paternae,
  se suus ut redeat prospiciente puer.
ecce, orbes oculorum hebetata ut luce cavantur!
  ut desiderio tabuit, ecce, decor!
tantaque fit macies, accensae ut nocte lucernae
  clara per oppositam flamma sit ipsa manum.
nec facies una est:—nunc morbidus ora pererrat
  aestus, et ardentes erubuere genae;
nunc adeo exstinctae pallescit more favillae,
  ut iam iam famulis sit moritura suis.
at fragili vis mira subest, qua condita rerum
  cernat inauditos percipiatque sonos.
serius ante fores vigilans canis arrigit aurem,
  quam cursus equitis senserat illa sui;
illa, ubi vix hominis gens cetera conspicit umbram,
  agnorat, noto signa dabatque manu;
nec modo signa manu:—se muri inclinat ab ipso
  margine, ceu pennis obvia itura viro.
iamque adiit, iam pergit amans, et lentus in illam
  vultus, ut ignotam suspicientis, erat;
verba, quibus reduci dat vox tremebunda salutem,
  lascivi sonitu praepediuntur equi;
quaeque susurrantum tenues iterare loquellas
  curva repercusso murmure porta solet,
vix tamen ex aegro gemitum capit ore querentis
  se nimio laesam corda dolore mori.

C. W. M.

CXXXVII
ARETHUSA

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine,
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep:
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.
Then Alpheus bold
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook;
And opened a chasm
In the rocks:—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below:
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

Shelley.

CXXXVII

ARETHUSA

Olim nivali prosiluit toro
Cerauniorum filia montium,
  per nubila et cautes acutas
    expediens Arethusa fontes.
undantia inter flumina cerneres
undare cinctos iride virginis
  per saxa labentis capillos,
    nec iuga non pede tacta levi
virere quae sol respicit occidens,
lymphis ut ibat prona loquacibus,
  semper, vel exsultans ciebat
    murmura languidiora somno.
hanc visa Tellus diligere est Parens,
huic molle risit caerulea Pater
  ex arce, dum nectens in omni
    valle moras petit alta ponti.
consurgit antris tum glacialibus
Alpheus audax, et iuga percutit
  tridente, diffinditque rupes,
    quo subito tremefactus ictu
totus remugit mons Erymanthius.
nec iam silentes post nivium latens
  urnas quiescebat, sed atras
    cum tonitru quatit Auster alas
terraeque motu : fontibus obices
laxantur infra ; iamque dei comas
  hinc inde per lympham solutas
    cernere erat vitreamque barbam,
quocunque torrens se tulit impetu,
dum lucido se tramite dirigens
  Nymphae sequebatur fugaces
    Doridis ad vada salsa cursus.

E. M. Y.

CXXXVIII
THE RECOLLECTION

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
  That skirts the Ocean's foam ;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
  The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
  The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
  The smile of Heaven lay ;
It seem'd as if the hour were one
  Sent from beyond the skies
Which scatter'd from above the sun
  A light of Paradise !

We paused amid the pines that stood
  The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
  As serpents interlaced,—
And soothed by every azure breath
  That under heaven is blown
To harmonies and hues beneath,
  As tender as its own :
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
  Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
  The ocean-woods may be.

Shelley.

CXXXIX
A FRAGMENT

  Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
  Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
  Bid me Good Morning.

A. L. Barbauld.

CXXXVIII
PINETUM

Subter piniferas vestigia fleximus umbras
  praetexit canum qua nemus Oceanum.
composuit zephyrus nido placidissimus alas,
  carcere et Aeolio clausa procella latet.
lene susurrantes prope iam sopor obruit undas,
  lusum ierant toto nubila pulsa polo,
purpureaque procul vestitum luce, profundi
  ambit caeruleo risus ab axe sinum;
nec Phoebi radiis obnoxia lumina fudit
  missa velut superis hora beata plagis.
iam premimus gressus, ubi qualis turma gigantum
  stat desolatis edita silva locis;
bracchia pineti serpentum imitata figuras
  torserat horrendis crebra procella modis,—
quam tamen ex alto demittit caerulus aether,
  mitigat ambrosiis flatibus aura comas;
addit opem, pacem adspirans, concordia caeli,
  cognatusque color temperat omne nemus:
desuper arborei composta cacumina saltus
  somnus habet, glaucas sternit ut aequor aquas,
qualis inest imis penetralibus Amphitrites,
  Tethyos et silvis inviolata quies.

F. St. J. T.

CXXXIX
VITA DIU FUIMUS COMITES

Te polo novi comitem sereno,
vita, te nigro; lacrima vacare
vix licet, cari quotiens amici
        dissociantur;—
falle decedens igitur sodalem,
tempus et dextrum rape; non supremum
nox Vale poscit; meliore sole
        praestat Haveto.

H. B.

CXL

TO MY SISTER

Would that my hands were washed in innocence
That I unblamed could lift them up for thee,
My own loved sister! good 'twere then to see
Upon the clouds that weep thy goings hence
Rainbows of promise: we should gather thence
Sweet thoughts, and listen till we hear the stir
Of ministering angels come to welcome her.
Let us in silence sit. The calmer sense
Of better things shall lift a quiet eye,
And open on us like an evening sky,
With its blue haven in a sea of cloud,
Speaking a better morn: if thus allowed
In sober awe to await the opening bars
Of night which brings to view the solemn stars.

Byron.

CXLI

EIN GLEICHES

Ueber allen Gipfeln
    Ist Ruh
In allen Wipfeln
    Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
    Warte nur, balde
    Ruhest du auch.

Goethe.

CXLII

SORGE

Kehre nicht in diesem Kreise
  Neu und immer neu zurück!
Lass, o lass mir meine Weise,
  Gönn', o gönne mir mein Glück!
Soll ich fliehen? Soll ich's fassen?
  Nun, gezweifelt ist genug.
Willst du mich nicht glücklich lassen,
  Sorge, nun so mach' mich klug.

Goethe.

CXL
AD SORORE M

O si pura mihi mens sceleris foret
si pro te, soror, o cara soror mea,
caelo cum prece castas
palmas innocuus darem!
appareret enim, qua via te rapit
migrantem nebulis condita tristibus,
interfusa tenebras
lux felicior Iridis.
et spes inde foret dia libentibus
submittenda animis, et vacuas dare
aures usque placeret,
quae dulcem acciperent sonum,
adlapsus placidos alitis angeli;
quem nos sic tacita compositi mora
exspectemus, amicum
promissum comitem fugae.
pacatis melior lux oculis nitet,
clarescuntque procul caerula lucida,
inter vesperis umbras
solis praescia crastini;
si captis liceat stare pio metu
donec claustra poli nox reseraverit,
et pictum taciturnis
stellis extulerit caput.

W. J.

CXLI
PAX

Monte quies toto est; arbustis, adspice, summis
vix tremula immotas ventilat aura comas;
conticuere avium per mutam carmina silvam,
exspecta, mox et te manet alta quies.

W. C. G.

CXLII
παθήματα μαθήματα

Ne mihi perpetuo rediens, dolor, ingrue, gyro!
da mihi sim felix, quod cupioque fruar!
an fugiam? an perstem? dubito male. sim sine, si non
felix, te sapiens praecipiente, dolor.

W. C. G.

CXLIII

AUTUMN—A DIRGE

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array ;—
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is failing, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year ;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, months, come away ;
Put on white, black, and grey ;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Shelley.

CXLIV

WANDRERS NACHTLIED

Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den der doppelt elend ist
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde !
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust ?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust !

Goethe.

CXLIII

ANNI NAENIA

Vergit sol tepidus, notusque plangit
lugubris, viduata marcet arbor,
languescit moriens papaver album ;
Anni frondibus obvoluta seris
hora sternitur in toro suprema.
menses, ordine convenite iusto,
ad Maium quot adestis a Novembri ;
friget mortuus Annus—ad feretrum,
pullata horrida sordibus caterva,
larvas addite vos patris sepulcro.
stillant imbribus omnia, algidusque
vermis serpit et amnis intumescit—
in funus tonat exeuntis Anni.
iamque arguta volavit hinc hirundo,
servat quaeque suos lares lacerta,
menses, eia agite hinc abite, menses,
pullis sordibus horridi vel albis ;
ut ludant hilares nimis sorores,
vos saltem—pietas monet—feretrum
stipati celebrate ; sic sepulcrum
fletu perpetuo virescat Anni !

H. H. J.

CXLIV

PAX

O tu caelicola, omnium
Curas et mala molliens
Et morbo miseris duplo
In duplum medicatrix,

Me taedet properantium !
Quid dant gaudia quid dolor ?
Huc illabere tu meo
Pax dulcissima cordi !

W. C. G.

CXLV

MUTABILITY

The flower that smiles to-day
  To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
  Tempts and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
  Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
  For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright.
  Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
  Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

Shelley.

CXLVI

GREECE

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
  Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
  Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
  Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
  Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth.

Byron.

CXLV
CARPE DIEM

Saepe renidentes, Pholoe, tulit altera flores,
  altera lux rapuit ;
immutabile quod speras, simul arripere audes,
  fulsit abestque simul :
omnia laeta brevi candore ut fulgura noctem
  ludificata cadunt.
ut nimium inconstans virtus, ut rara beatae
  munera amicitiae,
ut desideriis modica immutare superbis
  gaudia gestit amor :
gaudia nostra fluunt, amor avolat ; heu tamen aevum
  nos trahimus vidui.
tu vero, sapias, dum lucent caerula caeli,
  dum tibi flore novo
terra nitet, dum quae nocte aversata videbit
  lumina mane novo
laetificant Cyrum, dum lentior hora serenis
  serpit imaginibus,
candida, te fallas somno, vigilacibus eheu
  debita cras lacrimis.

R. D. A. H.

CXLVI
GRAECIA

Quamquam o dis desueta domus, gens vixit ubi ipsis
par divis heroes, adhuc pulcherrima rides
terra, vel ingentes seclo inducente dolores.
te nivei montes, te semper amoena vireta
Naturae ante alias dulcem testantur alumnam
dotibus ornatam variis : tua pulvere fana
prona iacent, sensimque virum miscentia sese
ossibus, et quovis agresti vomere fracta.
sic pereunt monimenta, quibus mortalis origo,
ordine quaeque suo ; stat virtus carmine vivax.

F. St. J. T.

CXLVII

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Byron.

CXLVIII

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him—but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

Wordsworth.

CXLVII

MURI NON CARCER

Aeterna nullis vinculis obnoxia
praeclara fulges carcere in teterrimo
ubi ima praestant corda, Libertas, domum,
habitare solus quae potest amor tui ;
utcumque alumnos tu catenatos vides
tenebricosoque abditos ergastulo,
victrix triumphat patria—plectantur viri—
tuique fama quolibet vento volat.
o quae Lemanni turris immines freto,
tu iure sancta ; est instar altaris solum
deforme, quod calcavit ante Manlius,
pes ipse donec linqueret vestigia,
perinde gelidum ac si pavimentum foret
caespes : sacratas ne quis abluat notas !
sic a tyrannis provocatur ad Deum.

F. St. J. T.

CXLVIII

AD LIBERTATEM

Sunt geminae voces, maris haec sonat, illa iugorum,
utraque vox immensa, tibi vox utraque in omnes
Libertas, annos gratissima ; dulcius istis
nullum carmen erat ; rex intulit arma superbus,
quem dulci pietate furens invadis, at omnis
effusus labor : Alpina tandem arce repulsa
lenta pedem retrahis : nec vox torrentis, ut olim,
murmurat aure tua : deest altera nempe voluptas ;—
quare age, quae restat, propius complectere ; nam quid
tristius hoc, pronis si flumen, ut ante, tonabit
montibus, Oceani si reddent saxa fragores,
tu neutram vocem accipias, animosa Virago.

E. D. S.

CXLIX

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

When the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

Shelley.

CXLIX

EXSUL AMOR

Lampadis eversae cum nil nisi fragmina restat
 lux restincta iacet pulvere, flamma perit.
diffugere simul purgato ex aethere nubes,
 in tenues auras Iridis arcus abit:
cum lyra dissiluit, divulsis irrita chordis,
 ilicet arguti deperiere modi:
dulcia cum pressis cessit facundia labris,
 quam cito Lethaea murmura nocte silent!

ac velut, emoritur cum vox et luminis ardor,
 nec superest taedis ille nec illa lyrae,
carmina nulla refert taciturni cordis imago,
 intimus ut primum spiritus obticuit;
carmina nulla refert nisi lamentabile murmur
 aegra ruinosam si quatit aura casam;
aut velut Oceanus querula gravis intonat unda,
 naufraga componens tristibus ossa modis.

cum semel unanimas iunxit concordia mentes,
 fausta prior nidi tecta relinquit Amor;
cogitur invalidis qui languet viribus unus
 iacturam et tristes ferre patique vices.
o crudelis Amor, qui cuncta senescere ploras
 tam brevia heu miseris tamque caduca viris:
cur adeo pravus vis infirmissima quaeque
 suppeditent cunas, tecta, sepulcra tibi?

te varii affectus quatient, te pectoris aestus;
 sic vario corvos turbine ventus agit.
lucida ridebit Ratio, sic tela remittit
 Phoebus ab hiberno nil valitura polo:
tigna domus corrupta cadent, Iovis alitis instar
 Alpina quamvis struxeris arce lares;
nudus eris; debere tuum est ludibria ventis,
 frigida dum seras dissipat aura comas.

F. St. J. T.

CL

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING

O thou breeze of Spring!
  Gladdening sea and shore
Wake the woods to sing,
  Wake my heart no more!
Streams have felt the sighing
  Of thy scented wing,
Let each fount replying
  Hail thee, breeze of Spring,
    Once more!

O'er long-buried flowers
  Passing, not in vain,
Odours in soft showers
  Thou hast brought again.
Let the primrose greet thee,
  Let the violet pour
Incense forth to meet thee—
  Wake my heart no more!
    No more!

From a funeral urn
  Bower'd in leafy gloom,
Ev'n *thy* soft return
  Calls not song or bloom.
Leave my spirit sleeping
  Like that silent thing;
Stir the founts of weeping
  There, O breeze of Spring,
    No more!

F. Hemans.

CLI

A WILLING VICTIM

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
  By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
  Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
  Deceive, deceive me once again!

W. S. Landor.

CL

CETERA LAETANTUR

Aura recens veris, genitabilis aura Favoni,
  laetatur reditu terra fretumque tuo;
excutias silvae somnos—te silva salutet
  carmine—at huic menti sit diuturna quies.
ducis odorata quoquo suspiria penna,
  accipiunt notum flumina mille sonum;
flumina mille suos tibi respondentia fontes
  effusis iubeant currere rursus aquis.
germinibus flores dudum tellure sepultis
  non sine vi solita te rediisse docent;
te rediisse docent, blandis simul imbribus auctum
  prata per et silvas halat odore solum.
anni primitiae, te lutea gemma salutet,
  te violae, quotquot turea dona ferunt,
turea dona, tuis quae flatibus obvia surgant;
  fac tamen huic menti sit diuturna quies!
si tenet obductas tenebris et fronde latebras
  subter inaccessum funebris urna nemus,
inde nec argutos cantus, neque munera florum
  fas erit adventus elicuisse tuos;
perpetuo velut illa silet submersa veterno,
  mens mea non alio victa sopore iacet:
sic iaceat: gelidos lacrimarum solvere fontes
  parce precor, vernos quae vehis, Aura, dies.

A. C. A.

CLI

LAUS FRAUDIS

Me tetigit risus, tetigit facundia linguae,
  his modo credebam, cessit utrimque fides.
forsitan haud exstet, cui spes reviresceret, alter,
  nec spes est hodie quae mihi fulsit heri.
lusisti totiens, ne vota novissima fallant,
  da precor illecebris ludar, ut ante, tuis.

C. S.

CLII

THE CITY OF BALY

Such was the talk they held upon their way,
Of him to whose old City they were bound;
And now upon their journey many a day
Had risen and closed, and many a week gone round,
And many a realm and region had they pass'd,
When now the ancient towers appeared at last.
Their golden summits in the noonday light
Shone o'er the dark green deep that rolled between,
For domes and pinnacles and spires were seen
Peering above the sea, . . a mournful sight!
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.

Southey.

("The Curse of Kehama.")

CLIII

PITT

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

Sir W. Scott.

CLII

URBS ANTIQUA

Hac vice sermonum pergunt de rege locuti
cuius ad antiquas arces vestigia flectunt:
iamque iter ingressis lux saepius orta tenebris
cesserat, et radiis nova luna impleverat orbem,
multas per gentes diversaque regna vagatis,
cum veteres tandem visae se attollere turres.
aurea caeruleos interlucentia fluctus
culmina tectorum medio sub sole refulgent.
namque tholi mare prospiciunt, miserabile visu,
templorumque apices, fastigiaque edita ponto.
talia dum maestus lustrat, sciat inde viator
quot moles hominum miracula quanta vorago
obruerit:—tam pulchra virum monimenta supersunt
antiquum testata decus: quin propter harenam
hinc illinc vivo de marmore cernitur aedes,
viribus inconcussa suis, cui spumea vanis
fundamenta minis aestu petit unda refuso.

F. St. J. T.

CLIII

DIS ALITER VISUM

Si modo vixisses, posito privatus honore,
  excubias servans unus in arce vigil,
acer in arma tuba gentes hinc inde vocasses,
  cum dolus, hostiles ingruerentve metus;
usa tuis opibus staret respublica, qualis
  taeda regit dubias trans maris alta rates;
unius ac ritu praestanti mole columnae
  vis tua lapsurum sustinuisset onus.
heu de sede iacet detrusa columna, nigranti
  heu fumo et tenebris fax adoperta latet;
vox custodis in arce silet praenuntia belli,
  et sonitus clarae conticuere tubae.

F. St. J. T.

CLIV

FOX

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his Rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy requiescat dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow;
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the last long rest.

Sir W. Scott.

CLIV
FLEBILIS OCCIDIT

(1)

Neve ideo lacrimam compesce animumque benignum,
  iuxta quod situs est aemulus ipse viri;
neu tua vox, Gracchi metuens contingere bustum,
  sollenne effari parcat '*have atque vale.*'
flebilis ante diem periit catus ille senator,
  dum trepido insignem tempore praebet opem;
doctrina periit vir cultus et indole dives,
  plenus lascivi sed sine felle salis;—
adfuit et ratio: dium penetrantis acumen,
  singula iungentis, iuncta secantis erat;
ut corda incaluere! ut mens sublime volabat!
  omnia nunc mutum muta sequuntur erum.
quod si, quem tegit iste lapis, tot dotibus auctum
  ire tamen recta non potuisse doles,
iudicis hic noli partes adsumere duri;
  sit sua defunctis inviolata quies.

C. W. M.

* (2)

Clauditur ille quidem vicina caespitis herba
  aemulus: at lacrimae ne, precor, absit honos.
ante diem periisse dole praeclara merentem;
  quin geme! quis possit suppeditare vicem?
pollentem ingenio maere, cultumque Minervae
  artibus, et lepidos sed sine felle sales;—
vim divinam animi, nexus quae cogat in unum,
  quae solvat, caecas dispiciatque vias;
instinctum Musis pectus, sensusque vigentes—
  cuncta iacent tumulo clausa iacentis eri.
sin adstans tumulo, recolensque his dotibus auctum
  non ideo vitiis hunc caruisse doles,—
tu tamen asperius tu noli urgere peremptos,
  per te sit cineri non violata quies.

S. H. B.

* This translation omits Scott's second couplet.

CLV

LINES WRITTEN WHEN THE DEATH OF FOX WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

Loud is the Vale ! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams !
Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ;—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea ;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load !
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth
Doth yet again to God return ?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn ?

Wordsworth.

CLVI

INSCRIPTION IN A TYROLESE CHURCH

Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear ; and with a manly heart.

Translated in Longfellow, Hyperion, Ch. vii.

CLV

CLARUM ET VENERABILE NOMEN

It tota de valle fragor :—talem edere vocem,
  ut tempestates detumuere, solet.
undique turbati miscent concordia rivi
  murmura,—multiplici vox sonat una choro.
it de valle fragor : quamvis sint reddita paci,
  longinquum simulant tesca profunda mare,
quaeque procul lucet vicini in vertice montis
  haurit terrestres stella quieta sonos.
tristis eram :—doluere gravi praecordia luctu,
  mens importunum lassa negabat onus.
dum tamen hoc solus vestigia tramite duco,
  qui solus potuit reddere, reddit opem.
multa quidem nostro respondent corda dolori,
  ex spectantque suos, praecipiuntque metus.
debetur morti patriae tutela cadentis,
  vanescitque, decus qui modo gentis erat.
abripitur terris constans ac vivida virtus,
  quam muto capiunt vasta barathra sinu;
ille perit; sed magnus ubi vir transit ad umbras,
  dic, Natura potens, quid velit istud iter.
scilicet ille Dei iussu demissus in oras
  terrigenum repetit summa, iubente Deo.
vita fluat refluatque suo de more necesse est,
  dicite, mortales, quid velit iste dolor.

E. D. S.

CLVI

παροίχεται πόνος

Postume, praeteritos ne tu lugubrius annos
  respice : non referent Di tibi tempus idem.
munere caelicolum sapiens praesentibus horis
  utere : fas illas iuris habere tui.
nescia corda metus tenebris oppone futuris;
  perge ! virile decet munus obire virum.

F. St. J. T.

CLVII

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes!

Wordsworth.

CLVIII

TO A REDBREAST

Stay, little cheerful Robin, stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting Spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song,
A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing spirit cheer.

Then, little bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

Sara Hutchinson.

[Printed among Wordsworth's poems. "Almost the only verses by our lamented Sister Sara Hutchinson" is his note.]

CLVII
RUS IN URBE

Ad trivium pendens media captivus in urbe
 turdus, ut illuxit, carmina plena canit.
tres ierant anni, subiens ubi mane silenti
 vocalem exaudit serva Lycoris avem.
tangitur arte maga, nec scit qua sorte misellae
 crescat mons oculis et quasi silva suis;
splendeat in longas nubes glomerata tabernas,
 decurrantve nova flumina valle Fori.
pascua mox rident, quo per declivia rura
 se meminit mulctum desiluisse capras;
solaque sive casa est seu nidulus illa columbae,
 una sit in terris quae sibi cara domus.
spectando dea fit: sed enim pallescit imago;
 sed nebula et fluvius, collis, abitque nemus.
currere non amnis iam vult, non surgere clivus;
 vanuit in caecum daedalus ille lepor!

C. W. M.

CLVIII
AD RUBECULAM

Quin meis vicina manes fenestris
adsidens laetos iterasque cantus,
ultimos etsi mihi forte nunc, Ru-
 -becula, dones,

huius et veris cita nos sodales
hora disiungat. bona praecinentis
tanta, non annus mihi denegatus
 carmen acerbet.

nam die credo fore vel suprema
carus ut tangat canor audientem,
tuque, avis, solvas animam benigni
 numinis instar.

detur hoc ergo precor, ut canendo
rite discedentis iter secundes,
ac novi fias neque transituri
 nuntia veris.

C. W. M.

CLIX

AFTER THE BATTLE

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
  And lightning shew'd the distant hill
Where those who lost that dreadful day
  Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
  For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh, who shall say what heroes feel
  When all but life and honour 's lost?
The last sad hour of freedom's dream
  And valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
  Should rise and give them light to die!

Moore.

CLX

THE POET IN THE CLOUDS

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
  Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
  Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
  Of a friend's fancy: or, with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
  'Twixt crimson banks; and then a traveller, go
From mount to mount thro' Cloudland, gorgeous land!
  Or list'ning to the tide, with closèd sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
  By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
  Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

S. T. Coleridge.

CLIX

PRO PATRIA MORI

Nox victoris iter piceo velavit amictu
  at procul emicuit fulguris igne iugum,
quod licet infausto cessissent Marte tenebant
  parva sed intrepido pectore freta manus.
quidquid amans patriae quidquid speraverat alti
  miles, in aeternum cum premit atra dies,
quis valet ingentes luctus satis edere fando
  cum iam dulce decus vitaque sola manet?
somnia Libertas fingit suprema, trahitque
  fortibus invisas hora suprema moras;
muta cohors agit excubias, caligine pulsa
  dum iubar exoriens funus obire sinat.

F. St. J. T.

CLX

NUBES

Suave, fovet placidae si quem pellacia mentis
sole sub occiduo, vel cum rubet aurea Phoebe,
mobilibus quamvis super induxisse figuram
nubibus, aut oculo facili suasisse tenendam
pro vera, comitis quae mens excuderet ultro
mirificam rerum speciem: capite ille reflexo
obliquaque gena Pactolos labier aureos
aut videt aut vidisse putat, ripasque colore
puniceo tinctas—exinde viator iturus
trans iuga Nubigenum, caeli laetissima regna.
suave oculis clausis undam bibere aure refusam,
fingere se vatem, qui Chio in litore caecus
—dum mare rauca sonans lucem divinitus ortam
intus alit—spectavit Odysseam Iliademque
Oceani tumido nasci vocalis ab aestu.

H. H. J.

CLXI

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD IN WINTER

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffen his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.

Sir W. Scott.

CLXI

PASTOR HIBERNUS

Iamque ubi sol captus radiis se condit in umbras
imbribus horrentes piceis ruber, et procul audit
signa fatigatus nimbi impendentis arator
strata fovens somnoque gravis; mox horrida grando
fert pluviamque nivesque una, crepitansque fenestrae
adsilit;—ille fragor dammas vulpemque sub antra
dumosasque fugat latebras; mala protenus idem
pastorem subeunda monet dirosque labores.
prospicit ille quidem, frustraque moratur, iniqua
flamina dum cessent in aquas abitura salubres;
acrior interea nix ingruit, alba sub auras,
insuper atra minans,—glomerat sic vellera turbo,
robustumque foras iubet ocius ire colonum.
at capite abiecto et querulis ploratibus horrent
deseruisse focum catuli; non setius ille
vocibus hortatur blandis, poscitque ministros,
dum duplicem tergo involvens circumdat amictum.
tum pecus ad saltus collectum educit apertos
abruptique latus montis, qua, turbida quamvis
latret hiemps, nivis haud tanti coguntur acervi.
tum crines vento stridente per ardua tesca
concrescunt horrentque gelu: procul ille fenestram
respectat tuguri, dum sideris instar amica
luce micat, tenuem mox rimam abscondit, et Euro
obversus, nimbos patitur caelique ruinam,
cunctantes dum trudit oves per opaca locorum.

E. D. S.

CLXII

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
  On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glowworm lights her spark,
  The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
  And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
  With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herdboy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp!
  Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
  May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
  Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
  And bitter was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
  Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
  'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
  Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
  A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

Sir W. Scott.

CLXII

O LABORUM DULCE LENIMEN!

Vatis Hyperborei valeas lyra! montibus instat
  nox et purpureis densior umbra iugis:
parva cicindelae splendet sub vespere lampas,
  et petit in dubio lumine damma nemus.
o magicam repetas ulmum lymphasque loquaces;
  carmina dent ipsis liberiora noti!
naturae dulces numeros infunde canenti,
  et procul e stabulis vox iterata sonet,
dum vespertini queritur pastoris harundo,
  seraque pervolitans tecta susurrat apis.
o valeas iterum atque iterum lyra! carmine noto
  da veniam imperiis obsequiosa meis.
nil moror, aggressus acris censura sequatur
  et culpent tenues tenuia verba modos.
hinc etenim accepi vitae solamen euntis,
  hinc tanta occulto vulnera corde tuli:
lux quotiens maestae maesta est superaddita nocti,
  et curas intus pascere triste fuit.
denique quod spiro et passus mala multa supersum,
  o magica pollens arte, Sibylla, tuum est.
en mea dum lento cedunt vestigia motu,
  nescio quod numen conscia fila movet.
et modo sublimes verrit manus ignea chordas,
  et modo vix tremulas suscitat ala fides.
inde recedentis sensim vaga murmura plectri
  extremis resonant per fera tesca modis.
monte ubi decurrit Zephyrus, vix unus et alter,—
  vix unus superat quem trahat aura sonus:
et iam cuncta silent: nec vox iubet ulla morari:
  o lyra non iterum sollicitanda vale!

B. D.

CLXIII

FLODDEN

But as they left the darkening heath
More desperate grew the strife of death:
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
    That fought around their king.
But yet though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
    Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
    The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight,
Linked in the serried phalanx tight
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
    As fearlessly and well.

Sir W. Scott.

CLXIV

AS FALSE AS AIR, AS WATER, WIND, OR SANDY EARTH

Woman's faith and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam:
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.
I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid:
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand:
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken.
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

Sir W. Scott.

CLXIII

HAERET PEDE PES DENSUSQUE VIRO VIR

Nox ruit, excedunt campo, nec setius ira
  circum mortifera concita pugna furit.
Angliacae crepitant, grando ferrata, sagittae;
  Angliaci in martem praecipitantur equi:
ad latus, a tergo, in frontem perrumpere pergunt
  quae stipat regem Scotica turba suum.
telorum at quamvis nive densior ingruat imber,
  irruat et rapidi turbinis instar eques,
dentque securigerae plagas caedemque phalanges,
  Scotorum irrupto se tenet orbe globus.
horrent obversae, silva impenetrabilis, hastae;
  labentisque locum protinus alter habet;
terga fuga nemo turpi dare cogitat: audax
  cum pedite audaci consociatur eques;
stat cum plebeio generosus milite miles;
  impavida pugnat nexa phalange cohors.

W. C. G.

CLXIV

IN VENTO ET RAPIDA SCRIBERE OPORTET AQUA

Femineam vis nosse fidem? tu pulvere ductis
  in tenui scribas haec duo verba notis:
in rapidum signes impressa vocabula rivum,
  in lunae tremulum fige notata iubar.
firmior incolumem, quamvis fugitiva, tenebit
  re meliorque ipsa littera quaeque locum.
ipse ego contendens quod nectit aranea filum
  virginea didici firmius esse fide:
ipse ego perpendi micam sitientis harenae;
  virgineo gravior pignore mica fuit.
haec ubi signa meae dixi sortesque puellae,
  quam levia heu! fuerint pignora, fracta fides,
protinus illa fidem renovat: reus unde novatae
  protinus invenior credulitatis ego.

W. C. G.

CLXV

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Wordsworth.

CLXVI

HOFFNUNG

Schaff', das Tagwerk meiner Hände,
Hohes Glück, das ich's vollende!
Lass, O lass mich nicht ermatten!
Nein, es sind nicht leere Träume;
Jetzt nur Stangen, diese Bäume
Geben einst noch Frucht und Schatten.

Goethe.

CLXV

CAELESTIS ORIGO

Ergo nascentes lethaeum haurire soporem
crediderim, mentesque novi quae luminis ortus
in terris reparant, aliis habuisse priorem
sedibus occasum, longeque in corpora mitti,
nec nihil inde ferunt :—non funditus illius aevi
gens oblita adeo, non omnis nuda venimus ;
nubila nam trahimus longe splendentia, Patrem
linquentesque domum : caeli circumvolat annos
lux teneros ; puero mox carceris ingruit horror
crescenti, tamen is lucemque agnoscit et unde
derivetur, ovans. iuvenis qui longius oris
exsulat Eois, Naturae arcana sacerdos
spectat adhuc, graditurque memor splendentis Olympi ;
lucida paulatim species pallescit adulto,
nec mora in hunc nostrum solvit sese aera nimbus.
ipsa quidem e gremio tellus terrena ministrat
munera, mortali capitur mortalis amore ;
materno omniparens studio exercetur, alumnum
simplicior fingens nutrix ; non illa futurum
invidet imperium ; tantum si pectore possit,
dum licet, amovisse viri quae viderit olim,
augustamque domum et ductos divinitus ortus.

S. H. B.

CLXVI

SPES

Da mihi perfectum, pollens Fortuna, laborem ;
neu manus exactum langueat ante diem !
somnia non haec sunt : qui nunc stat surculus, olim
umbris et fructu fertilis arbor erit.

W. C. G.

CLXVII

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

CLXVII

ALUMNA NATURAE

Tres crevit annos aucta Phyllis imbribus
et sole; tum Natura ait,
"flos ecce florum quotquot in terris sati!
ego hanc adopto parvulam;
alumna mea fit, donec ipsa effecero
bellam sine arte feminam.
namque ipsa calcar ipsa ero dulcissimae
moderamen; ut mecum vagans,
dum saxa camposque aut vireta et arbores
terramve et adspicit polum,
praesens ubique numen illa sentiat
ciere vel reprendere.
qualis solutus gaudioque insaniens
hinnuleus herbam transilit
rupesve, nostra ludet; at suavis tamen
vivet salubri spiritu,
silentioque placida quo mutae solent
cassaeque sensu res frui.
illi decorem praefluens impertiet
nubes; ob illam se salix
curvabit; ipsoque in ruente turbine
non illa formosi nihil
cernet, puellae membra quod fingat suo
tactu silenti congruens.
stellas profundae noctis illa diliget,
auremque seclusis locis
saepe adplicabit liberoque rivulis
errore gestientibus;
et nata murmure e volubili venus
subibit ora virginis.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

Wordsworth.

CLXVIII

THE PIRATE'S FAREWELL

Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand, that shook when pressed to thine,—
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!

Sir W. Scott.

quin ipsa laetans anima vitali cibo
  pectusque crescens nutriet
artusque grandes ;—illa corda Phyllidi
  meae parabo, dum iugis
sub his latentes filia et mater simul
  aevum beatum degimus."
haec dixerat Natura, confecitque opus ;
  sed ocius decurritur,
o Phylli, cursus iste ! namque mortua es,
  et tesca tranquillumque rus
nactus relinquor, iam peracti temporis
  heu, nec reversuri memor.

C. W. M.

CLXVIII

VALE !

Terque quaterque vale ! quae vox modo personat aures,
  summa tibi, Rhodope, mollia verba dicat.
quippe salutabunt hilari mare proxima cantu,
  nautarum raucis adsonitura choris.
atqui vix poterat balbam formare loquellam
  lingua supercilii nube revincta tui,
quae mox iussa dabit, rabiem victura procellae,
  'caedantur mali, nudaque puppis eat.'
ille oculus metuens tantum ad tua lumina tolli
  diriget in profugas ignea tela rates ;
quaeque tuae tremuit dextrae commissa, minacis
  vibrabit gladii fulmina saeva manus.
dulcis amor valeat, vos spesque metusque valete,
  si quid egens veneror, si quid habere datur,
si quid vita tenet cari tenerique resigno,
  nil proprium retinens ni meminisse tui.

E. D. S.

CLXIX

THE BIRD AT SEA

Bird of the greenwood !
Oh, why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee
Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood !—Away, away !

Where the mast quivers
Thy place will not be,
As midst the waving
Of wild rose and tree.
How shouldst thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood !—Away, away

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine leaves are fanned?
'Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood !—Away, away !

"Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark,
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark—
A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day:
So I turn from the greenwood—Away, away !"

F. Hemans.

CLXX

A WIDOW BIRD

A widow bird sat mourning for her Love
Upon a wintry bough;
The freezing wind kept on above—
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground;
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Shelley.

CLXIX
UTCUNQUE PRAECEDES

Incola frondiferae, volucris dulcissima, silvae
  immensas pelagi quid facis inter aquas?
hic neque mobilibus foliis te protegit arbor,
  nec tibi purpurei copia floris adest.
iugis aquae fontes procul hinc tibi ludere gaudent.
  i fuge! silvicolam cur habet aequor avem?
scilicet est dulci statio non fida volucri
  qui Borea malus concutiente tremit.
aptior est sedes, Zephyro quae fluctuat arbor,
  quaeque intexta vagis stant fruticeta rosis.
improba cum rapido cur misces proelia vento?
  spumiferis impar fluctibus hospes abi—
an petis immensi volitans super aequora ponti
  litora quae Phoebo fervidiore calent?
qua tibi maturas defendit pampinus uvas,
  et vites liquidi ventilat ala Noti?
in pelagi vastis quae te mora detinet undis?
  i fuge! te revocant silva nemusque domum.
"o noli," respondet avis, "culpare morantem
  verrit ubi hibernum nigra procella salum;
in rate nam vector mecum lata aequora findit
  cui modo sollicitam dextera fovit avem.
cui pia cura hiemem poterat servare per atram—
  sic procul a silva trans maris alta feror."

J. C.

CLXX
CONTRISTAT AQUARIUS ANNUM

Ales hiberno viduata ramo
adsidens questus iterabat; aura
desuper friget; subeunt nivali
    flumina lapsu.

nil fuit verni siluis amictus,
floridi pratis aberant honores;
et molae solus loca muta turbat
    garrulus axis.

H. C.

CLXXI

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
  Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
  Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
  Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
  Gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and
  From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
  Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
  True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
  Strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
The corpse uninterr'd,
  The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
  Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
  Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
  Tenant and master.

CLXXI

ARMA VELIT POSCATQUE SIMUL RAPIATQUE IUVENTUS

Classica rauca sonent, cieant circum undique gentem
  monticolam furvi classica nota ducis.
eia agite, ad vocem socii properate vocati;
  ad signa armiferi plebs proceresque ruant.
linquite convalles, saxosos linquite montes;
  fluminis os Lochi signa tubaeque tenent.
fortia sub sagulis saliunt quis corda, venite;
  quot validae gladios fertis, adeste manus.

mitte bubulce, boves, cervum, venator, inultum;
  desere, piscator retia, nauta ratem.
intermissa iacens exspectet funera corpus,
  raptum inter taedas nympha relicta virum.
huc agite, huc omnes; ad proelia rite paratos
  pelta tegat, patrio fulgeat ense latus.

huc agite, ut rapidi veniunt fera flamina venti,
  silvifrago quoties impete caeca furunt:
huc agite, ut veniunt fluctus, in litoris oram
  cum iacit illisas saeva procella rates.
monticolum huc propero magis et magis incita cursu
  agmine continuo milia multa ruant:
huc cum principibus vulgus, puerique virique,
  cumque suo pauper divite cultor ero.

Fast they come, fast they come;
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
  Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Knell for the onset!

Sir W. Scott.

CLXXII

ALBUM VERSES

Thou record of the votive throng
  That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
  Where worth and loveliness combine,—
What boots it, I, a vagrant wight
  From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon thy friendly page should write?
  —Who'll think of me when I am gone?
Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,
  To ask in after times a thought!
To say that here a resting-place
  My wayworn heart has fondly sought.
So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
  Unmoved, through many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays
  To tell that he has worshipp'd there.

Washington Irving.

en! ubi iam celeres properant ad iussa vocati
  ecce, novae coeunt se glomerantque manus.
pilea iam late fluitant, aquilaeque superbis
  purpureum plumis addit erica decus.
reiecto nudet sagulo sibi quisque lacertos,
  destringat gladium promoveatque pedem.
iam ducis optatum furvi dent classica signum,
  iam sonus audaces mittat in arma viros.

W. C. G.

CLXXII

FUGITIVUS ET ERRO

Qui servas inscripta, liber, monimenta piorum
  aediculae limen quotquot adire solent,
quisque soluturus Nymphae sua carmine vota
  quam propriis auxit Vesta Venusque bonis;
me quid profuerit, qui nil nisi sedulus erro
  et semper mutans litore litus agor,
verba tuae, sit amica licet, committere chartae?
  hospitis avecti quis memor esse volet?
hic tamen, haud alias, abiturus signa repono,
  signa quibus scriptor "respiciamur" ait;
quaeque sub his tectis exoptavisse fatentur
  corda, tot errores passa, quiete frui.
sic et amoena viae pulchras et neglegit urbes
  si quis votivum perficit exul iter;
est ubi et ille tamen det munera pauper ad aedem,
  numen ut ostendat se coluisse loci.

C. W. M.

CLXXIII

BALLAD

She 's up and gone, the graceless girl
  And robb'd my failing years !
My blood before was thin and cold
  But now 'tis turn'd to tears ;—
My shadow falls upon my grave,
  So near the brink I stand,
She might have stay'd a little yet,
  And led me by the hand !

Aye, call her on the barren moor,
  And call her on the hill ;
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
  And plover's answer shrill ;
My child is flown on wilder wings
  Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
  That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,
  But never one like mine ;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
  Her drink was rosy wine ;
But now she 'll share the robin's food.
  And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
  To meet her father's will !

Hood.

CLXXIV

ROSE AYLMER

Ah ! what avails the sceptred race,
  Ah ! what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

W. S. Landor.

CLXXIII

χάρις ἄχαρις

Quaereris a! frustra: nec te, male grata, pudebat
  relliquias vitae surripuisse meae.
frigentes tenui manabant sanguine venae,
  nunc abit in lacrimas qui modo sanguis erat.
ipse meo videor propius consistere busto,
  iam mea funereis imminet umbra rogis.
me poteras sane, non est mora longa, tueri,
  fautricesque meis implicuisse manus.
ergo agite, amissam revocate per avia montis,
  per iuga per clivos vox revocantis eat.
nil respondebit, nisi planctibus ardea raucis,
  vanello querulos ingeminante sonos.
nempe fugam longe penna stridente volucres
  corripiunt: carpit longius illa fugam,
carpit, et ante oculos spatia infinita patescunt,
  nudaque defesso tesca premenda pede.
officium multae, credo, sprevere puellae:
  perfidia vincit nulla puella meam.
illi lanx epulas auro caelata ferebat,
  labraque purpureo subrubuere mero.
nunc pascenda cibo est, quo rubri pectoris ales,
  quoque bibit vulgus, fonte levanda sitis,
ante meas quam versa petent vestigia sedes,
  doctaque erunt patrium colla subire iugum.

E. D. S.

CLXXIV

ALMULA

A! quid sceptrigero clarum genus ordine regum
  quid prodest Paphiae proxima forma deae?
quo tot virtutes, quo tot praestare lepores?
  Almula, cuncta aderant, ne morerere, tibi:
Almula, quam nobis nox pervigilata reducet
  non iterum, o lacrimis saepe negata meis:
at tibi donetur quam per suspiria duco
  nox desideriis plena memorque tui

H. C. F. M.

CLXXV

EARLY DEATH

Ah ! well it is, since she is gone,
  She can return no more,
To see the face so dim and wan,
  That was so warm before.

Familiar things would all seem strange,
  And pleasure past be woe :
A record sad of ceaseless change
  Is all the world below.

The very hills they are not now
  The hills which once they were ;
They change as we are changed, or how
  Could we the burden bear ?

Ye deem the dead are ashy pale,
  Cold denizens of gloom—
But what are ye, who live to wail,
  And weep upon their tomb ?

She pass'd away, like morning dew,
  Before the sun was high ;
So brief her time, she scarcely knew
  The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
  Sweet love around her floated ;
Admired she grew—while mortal doom
  Crept on, unfear'd, unnoted.

Love was her guardian Angel here,
  But love to death resign'd her ;
Tho' love was kind, why should we fear,
  But holy death is kinder ?

Hartley Coleridge.

CLXXV

MORS IMMATURA

Ut semel excessit, Lalagen loca nota reverti
  quam bene Di prohibent!
confectas macie nollet mea cernere, quondam
  quae caluere, genas.

iamque aliena forent dulcissima quaeque; notaret
  gaudia prisca dolor.
scilicet in terris nil non mutabile, nil non
  flebile conseritur.

cuncta vices pariter subeunt: non montibus ipsis
  stat facies eadem;
nos quoque mutamur, ni sic foret, ecquis iniquum
  tollere posset onus?

sub tenebris Orci pallentes fingitis umbras
  frigora dura pati:
quid nos, vivere adhuc iussi cinerumque priorum
  flere super tumulo?

ut ros mane novo nondum iam solis adulto
  lumine praeteriit;
quidque humana velint suspiria, vix bene norat,
  tam breve tempus erat.

illam suavis odor circumvolitavit, ut aura
  fragrat odore rosae;
mirantumque oculos heu nulli obrepere visa
  fallit acerba dies.

almus Amor custos dedit imperterritus Orco,
  (mitior Orcus erat)
et dubitat quisquam sacrae confidere morti?
  non dubitavit Amor.

E. D. S. and F. St. J. T.

CLXXVI

FROM "THE ETONIAN," 1821

Carthage, I love thee! thou hast run,
As I—a warlike race;
And now thy Glory's radiant sun
Hath veil'd in clouds his face:
The days of pride—as mine—depart;
Thy Gods desert thee, and thou art
A thing as nobly base
As he whose sullen footstep fails
To-night around thy crumbling walls.

And Rome hath heap'd her woes and pains
Alike on me and thee;
And *thou* dost sit in servile chains,—
But mine they shall not be!
Though fiercely o'er this aged head
The wrath of angry Jove is shed,
Marius shall still be free,
Free—in the pride that scorns his foe,
And bares the head to meet the blow.

I wear not yet thy slavery's vest,
As desolate I roam;
And though the sword were at my breast,
The torches in my home,
Still—still, for orison and vow,
I 'd fling them back my curse—as now;
I scorn, I hate thee—Rome!
My voice is weak to word and threat—
My arm is strong to battle yet!

W. M. Praed.

CLXXVII

NOTHING IS HERE FOR TEARS

A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,

CLXXVI

MARIUS INTER KARTHAGINIS RUINAS

O passa mecum militia pari,
iam te premit nox et iubar occidit,
  dilecta Karthago, superbi
    nominis : haud aliis et ipse
condor tenebris : tu sine Dis iaces
casu probroso clarior, ut putrem
  qui noctis hac lentis sub umbra
    solus obit pedibus ruinam.
oppressit et me Roma doloribus,
quis te refregit : serva tamen sedes
  devincta—me nunquam catenae
    contigerint ; caput hoc senile
infensus ira Iuppiter urgeat,
vim sustinebo liber, et integra
  virtute, quae contemnit hostem,
    nudaque non refugit feriri.
victoris exsul non subii iugum
servile : ferrum si iugulo, et simul
  admota fax tectis minetur,
    ad miseras pudeat precantis
decurrere artes—vocibus exsecrer
Romam supremis ; nunc quoque si parum,
  invisa, tu lingua moveris,
    ne manus haec quatiat caveto !

H. K.

CLXXVII

VOBIS PARTA QUIES

Est locus, humanos oculos ubi fallit, et alte
vallis amoena latet, nec amoenior ullus in illa
angulus adridet, quam quae post taedia vitae
meta viatori et requies datur ultima fesso.
ordinibus comptis tumulos adsurgere parvos

With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dressed with duteous hands each hallowed sod.
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises whom the worm devoured beneath ;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguished there ;
Yet not a hillock mouldered near the spot,
By one dishonoured, or by all forgot :
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claimed a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb ;
But white and red with intermingling flowers
The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever murmuring sound.
'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care,
It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer.

J. Montgomery.
("World before the Flood.")

CLXXVIII

FROM GOETHE

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
  Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
  He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
  To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us ;
  A moment's guilt, an age of woe.

cernere erat mediasque vias; ubi turba superstes,
quos amor aut pietas urget, se plurima confert,
et manibus certat decorare fidelibus herbas.
non lapis insculptus titulis laude extulit illos,
quos comedunt vermes; humus occulit una sepultos,
plebem imam cum rege, viros cum matribus una
morte pares: sed nulla putris se gleba resolvit
impia quam violet manus, aut cui debita cuncti
iura negent; quamvis tenui sit nomine pulvis,
non ideo deest fidus amor lacrimaeve sepulto.
saepe etiam, pietas sic suasit, amicus amicum
adloquitur, seque ipse suorum agnoscere manes
credit, ubi cyparissus abest, inamabilis umbra,
nec tumulos taxus spargit super acre venenum;
punicei crescunt flores niveique, nec ullo
sole vel imbre sacrae defit sua gratia terrae.
dant virides sepem myrti, confiniaque extra
rivulus aeternis nunquam non murmurat undis.
ipse loco in tali poterat requiescere Luctus,
spesque novas capere, et votis petere ardua caeli.

E. W. B.

CLXXVIII

ἰὼ βρότεια πράγματα

Qui nunquam ingrata lacrimas commiscuit esca,
  qui nunquam, medias Nocte regente rotas,
pervigil adsiduis optavit tempora votis
  crastina, caelicolum nescius ille deum.
luminis in maestas Superi nos editis oras,
  passi praecipitem per scelus ire viam
mox ubi poenituit, lacerato corde dolores
  compensant culpam tempus in omne brevem.

F. St. J. T.

CLXXIX

FREEDOM

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap,
With which the Roman master crowned his slaves
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
They could not quench the light thou hast from heaven.

W. S. Landor.

CLXXX

TOO LATE

Such grief was ours,—it seems but yesterday,—
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a sister's arms to die.
Oh thou wert lovely ; lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from heaven it came :
And when recalled to join the blest above
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee ;
And now I write what thou shalt never see.

S. Rogers.

CLXXIX

LIBERTAS

Non tibi Libertas, ut fingunt somnia vatum,
virginis est tenerae facies, nec membra, iuventus
qualia mollis habet, nec pileus ille capillis
dat fluere effusis, quo Romae exire solebat
verna coronatus, domino solvente catenas.
masculus es, barbaque ferox, atque horridus armis.
corripit una ensem, clipeum tenet altera latum
ferro armata manus ; quamvis decor enitet ore,
testatur veteres non uno vulnere pugnas
frons tua ; luctando viguere ingentia membra.
fulmina te contra quid si iecere potentes
et flammis pepulere suis, sed semina vitae
non delere tuae poterant divinitus orta.

E. W. B.

CLXXX

σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων

Noster erat dolor ille—recens mihi vulnus inhaeret—
  Chloris amans vitae, nec tamen ausa queri,
nocte super media caraeque sororis in ulnis
  ante diem terris cedere iussa perit.
pulchra quidem fueras ; pulchraeque erat incola formae
  candida cognato mens velut orta polo :
quae simul in laetas sedes revocata piorum
  ibas, aetheriis consocianda choris,
arte salutari teneros dum molliter artus
  ipsa foves, nimia prae pietate cadis.
libera mens gaudebat ubi melioribus annis
  undique decerptas implicuisse rosas,
carmen uti facerem de te festiva iubebas ;
  carmina do,—nunquam tu tamen ista leges.

F. St. J. T.

CLXXXI

WITHIN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence!
—Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more:—
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering and wandering on as loth to die—
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

Wordsworth.

CLXXXII

WHY REPINE?

Why, why repine, my pensive Friend,
  At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
  And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
  The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
  They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
  To call them back;—'twere vain:
In this or in some other spot,
  I know they'll shine again.

W. S. Landor.

CLXXXI
TEMPLUM REGIUM

Ne molientem tanta pium velis
culpare regem, scilicet impari
  sumptu laborantem, nec ipsum
    artificem tenues in usus
pubis togatae forte putes male
fecisse tanti mirum opus ingeni:
  donare quod possis memento;
    odit enim Deus exigentem
ne plus quid aequo, ne minus eroget,
quam prosit, illo iudice qui vafer
  exstruxit ingentes columnas
    et varii laqueare tecti,
suspensaque ipso pondere condidit
haec saxa, per tot distribuens cava,
  qua dormit alternis vicissim
    lux tenebris, numerique dulces
ultro morantur perpetua vice
mortem evagantes, instar imaginum
  quas ipsa dulcedo negarit
    posse premi breviore saeclo.

A. C. J.

CLXXXII
CONSOLATIO AD DELLIUM

Cur lapsa, Delli, gaudia pectore
tristi reprendis? non Deus omnium
  decrevit usu nos potiri,
    mancipio retinere nulla.
nam saepe nubes Iride lucidas
vel prata cerno rore micantia,
  laetorque securus quid illas
    detve breves adimatve flammas.
nolo immorari segnis, ut irrito
poscam fugaces ore; sat est mihi
  hunc scire risurum novatis
    aut alium radiis agellum.

C. W. M.

CLXXXIII

FROM RHODODAPHNE.

The crew laid by their cups, and frowned.
A stern rebuke the leader gave.
With arrowy speed the ship went round
Nymphaeum. To the ocean-wave
The mountain-forest sloped, and cast
O'er the white surf its massy shade.
They heard, so near the shore they past,
The hollow sound the sea-breeze made,
As those primeval trees it swayed.
"Curse on thy songs," the leader cried,
"False tales of evil augury."
"Well hast thou said," the maid replied,
"They augur ill to thine and thee."
She rose, and loosed her radiant hair,
And raised her golden lyre in air.
Most like a daughter of the Sun
She stood: her eyes all radiant shone
With beams unutterably bright;
And her long tresses, loose and light,
As on the playful breeze they rolled
Flamed with rays of burning gold.

Peacock.

CLXXXIV

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn;
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, could'st return!

And why the wish? the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

W. S. Landor

CLXXXIII

DIRIS AGAM VOS

Deponunt nautae pateras, at nubila frontes
contristant, neque rex iram vocemque repressit.
iamque carina volans missa velocius hasta
Nymphaeum legit; hic montis latera aspera dumis
in mare procurrunt, spumamque superiacit albam
silvarum umbra nigrans: tantum non litora radunt
remigio: adlapsis murmur grave volvit ad aures
longaevos agitans Austri violentia truncos.
"at pereant quae voce canis fatalia, virgo,"
rex ait, "auguriis mendacique omine feta."
illa sed, "o nimium veris invecte loquellis,
voce cano quae fata tibi gentique minantur."
dixit, et adsurgens, crines resoluta nitentes
barbiton auratam vibrat, manifestaque Phoebi
stat soboles: splendent infandis lumina flammis;
quamque dedit late zephyro fluitare protervo,
luxuries fusi leviter iactata capilli
ignibus insolitis radians effulsit et auro.

C. S.

CLXXXIV

INFANS MORTUUS

Uno nate die, perempte eodem,
quot stillet lacrimis tua urna, nescis,
qui, dum fata legunt acerba, ocelli
manent rore pio, nec, illa nosses,
in terras ideo magis redires.
sed quorsum hoc cupiisse? nam beati
quidquid vivit et innocentioris
somniis velut ipsa mater istis
adsidet vigil. o sereniorem
noctem unam! o requiem ter invidendam
matris non lacrimas tuae videbis.

H. C. F. M.

L'ENVOI

Go thou forth, my book, though late ;
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lye.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fier 's by : *Farewell.*

Herrick.

Sero quamlubet i libelle sero !
tempestivior hora te salutet !
te consanguineus quis aut amicus
fors et hospitio fovebit olim,
cum Lethe mala merserit poetam.
si nescis tibi quae sit apta sedes,
en ! praesto focus est :—liber, valeto !

F. St. J. T.

APPENDIX

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more Unfortunate,
  Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
  Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
  Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
  Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
  One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
  Oozing so clammily.

IRREMEABILIS UNDA

a ! misera sortis
  pondere fessa !
a ! temere mortis
  viam ingressa !
tollite facile
  onus tam bellum,
onus tam gracile,
  tamque tenellum.
panni gravatum
  cadaver adstringunt,
vestes elatum
  ceu funebres cingunt,
undam stillantes
  heu ! illaetabilem :
statis ?—amantes
  ferte amabilem.
ne fastidientes
  corpus attingite,
sed flebilem flentes
  animo fingite ;
quod fecerit male
  donate tam bellae ;
nil restat ni quale
  decorum puellae.
est lapsa procacia
  heu ! puellari,
sed piget audacia
  facta rimari.
labes abivit,
  et maculae cunctae ;
forma sed vivit
  superstes defunctae.
lapsa :—sed Evae,
  vos qui adstatis,

Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
  Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
  Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
  Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver

matris primaevae
  genus negatis?
labris abluite
  tabem imbutam,
et comam struite
  flavam solutam;
rogent stupentes,
  quam domum coluerit?
quinam parentes?
  ecquem habuerit
fratrum, sororum,
  an unum carissimum,
unum cunctorum
  vinclum artissimum?
a! humanarum
  quam raro homullos
miseriarum
  miseret ullos!
eheu, quam flebilis,
  urbe tam plena
iacuit debilis,
  tecti egena!
pater et mater
  amorem debuerant,
soror et frater,
  sed omnem exuerant;
amor violenter
  profundo mersari,
et ipsi videntur
  di nunc aversari!
en! late lychnorum
  qua tremulum lumen
per aequor fusorum
  repercutit flumen
e vicinarum
  summis et imis
tot fenestrarum
  clathris et rimis,

But not the dark arch,
  Or the black, flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
  Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
  The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it !
Picture it—think of it,
  Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
  Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
  Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them
And her eyes, close them,
  Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
  Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
  Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
  Into her rest.—

noctis stupescit
  sub axe frigentis,
ventis rigescit
  iam brumae cedentis:
arcum minantem
  non amplius horrens
umbram nigrantem
  qua glomerat torrens,
mundi amari
  usu insana,
libens scrutari
  mortis arcana,
quolibet avida
  fugere lucem,
petit impavida
  gurgitem trucem:
animis fingite
  saltum audacem;
aestus depingite
  cursum rapacem;
hic vos, quot estis
  salaces, lavate,
hinc, si potestis,
  hinc sitim sedate!
tollite facile
  onus tam bellum
corpus tam gracile
  tamque tenellum.
iaceant frigidi
  artus decenter,
somno iam rigidi
  oculi dentur,
caeci rimantes
  per lutum concretum
metus instantes
  post imminens letum.
poenas immeritas
  luit ploranda,

Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
  Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
  Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness,
  Her sins to her Saviour!

HOOD.

hominum feritas
  bruta, nefanda,
miserae mentem,
  timoribus spretis,
agit furentem
  in portum quietis.
manus nectantur
  trans pectus, et ore
muto loquantur
  supplicis more,
delicta fatentis
  quaecunque peccavit,
et pacem aventis
  quam Jesus paravit.

R. Y. T.

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